THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2353. Single Number 5 Cents.

VENICE.

BY W. S.

Again upon the lips of men
It passes a familiar word,
Venetia!—poetry of names—
Sweetest and saddest earth has heard;
Once, noblest, too, for she has shone
Single and lustrous as a star,
Nor always one portending woe,
Or lurid with the reek of war.

Bright through the far receding past
The radiance of her greatness glows,
As from the marge of sunlit seas,
A path of light ascending goes;
And glorious even in her fall,
She shines, as when in western skies
The blooming purple faints and fades,
And all the golden glory dies.

Grand were the old barbaric days
When in her regal splendor throned
She ruled—a light-effulging sphere,
By tributary kingdoms zoned;
The Cleopatra of the earth
She revelled then, while on her breast
The wealth of all the Orient glowed
And blinded the adoring West.

Noble those days when in her pride
She brooked no bridegroom but the sea,
And in its rough embraces caught
The fatal longing—to be free!
Fatal, since Despotisms yet
Shrank from that light of later times,
Or saw and hated what they saw,
And held it heaviest of crimes.

Oh! saddest spectacle of earth—
That queenly brow the common scorn,
Its grandeur wholly passed away,
Its beauty utterly forlorn!
A desolation as of death
Has stricken to that royal heart—
What but a memory is her fame?
Where in the present is her part?

And for the future? years will die,
And years on years, revolving moons
Will gild her lion's shadowy wings,
And tremble in her still lagunes.
But never will the hour return
That yields her back her ancient reign,
And never will the nations bend
In homage at her feet again.

The past is past. No second prime,
No second summer beauty knows,
And she, the fallen, the forlorn,
Has but her memories and her woes;
No gleams of freedom stir her heart,
No visions of recovered power—
Only her beauty cannot die,
And it and sorrow are her dower.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG THE ROBBERS.

As the outlaws came dashing up to us, to the number of three-and-twenty, each wheeled around his chief and formed a line to his right. The last one came riding up with two extra horses—the one a beautiful mustang, richly furnished—and the other a stout, heavy gray, with the plain bridle and saddle of a dragoon. The first I recognized as the animal belonging to my quondam guide, Don Pedro; and the second as belonging to myself—the very beast I was riding when a pistol ball took me from his back; and there, too, as if in mockery of my fate, were the very clothes I had so lately worn, strapped to the cantel.

Romanillo seized the bridle of his own beast, sprang into the saddle, and said something in a low tone to his groom. Then the latter led up my own horse, and in a gruff, surly voice bade me mount. I obeyed in silence—the man taking his position close by my side, as if to guard against my escape. A signal was then given, and we set forward in double file, taking a northerly direction.

For two or three hours we rode in silence, and then halted at a large hacienda. A signal of the chief caused the gate to fly open, and we entered a large *patio*, where the bandits were at once greeted with marks of joy by a large number of females, some of them young and pretty and with children of both sexes. Here the troop dismounted, and abandoned themselves to the delights of the occasion, the horses being consigned to the care of three grooms, who pressed me into the service as the fourth, a position which gave me great relief of mind, by convincing me that I had not been recognized, and by giving me an opportunity to avoid that scrutiny as a stranger which I feared might lead to my detection.

Though a late hour of the night, no one seemed to feel the want of rest; and presently cans of *pulque* began to pass around freely, followed by boisterous merriment, which gradually merged into a regular *fandango* and lasted till broad daylight, one of the party extracting some indifferent music from an old violin, and one of the girls singing in concert. About sunrise all retired to rest, and I camped down upon some straw in one of the stables.

Toward night of the same day there came an order to the stables to have fifteen horses saddled and bridled and led forth with the utmost despatch, and in a very brief time the animals were stamping the ground in the *patio*. Fifteen armed men, with their daring chief at their head, now sallied forth from the main hall and hastened to mount. Up to this time no particular notice had been taken of me, and I was still in my dirty disguise; but the keen eye of Romanillo chancing to light upon me, as I was retiring from the horses which I had led forth to their masters, he called me to him and said:

"Edmondo, I had almost forgotten you; you must have a better suit and cleaner person; you are too ragged and dirty even for a *mozo de caballeros*. Here, Hortz, (calling to one of the other grooms,) see that this fellow makes as decent an appearance as yourself! You will find him a suitable costume in the wardrobe."

I bowed low, and was retiring, with all eyes fixed upon me, when, to my great alarm and dismay, the chief suddenly added:

"Stop, Edmondo! come here!"

I obeyed, secretly trembling, but endeavoring to appear composed.

"Look up!"

I did so, and he fixed his sharp, black eyes keenly upon my face, demanding:

"Where have I seen you before?"

"Your worship remembers last night!" said I, thinking all was now over with me, and becoming unnaturally calm through the very intensity of my excitement.

"But I did not clearly see your face last night in the dark, and it has a familiar look."

"Did we not once meet in the town of Santander, where Don Ramon sent his humble servant?" returned I, quietly.

My good genius again saved me. I had heard Don Ramon mention the fact of one of his servants being positive of having recently seen Romanillo in Santander; and I made use of this knowledge with a happy effect; for, after seeming to recollect, the chief replied:

"Yes, now I think of it, it must have been there: I knew I had seen you before."

Then calling Hortz to his side—a low-browed, swarthy, vicious-looking fellow—he whispered something in his ear. The latter nodded, and glanced at me in a peculiar manner; and then the chief and his band, gallantly kissing adios to the assembled ladies, tightened their bridle-reins, spurred their steeds, bounded through the gateway, and disappeared, amid loud, long, and oft-repeated *vivas*.

There remained at the hacienda, after the departure of the fifteen horsemen, some twenty females, with half that number of children, and twelve men, including myself and three other *mozos*. My place was at the stables, among a dozen mules and as many horses, and I was only too glad to get back there, where I hoped to remain without further notice. But in this I was disappointed; for the bandit-chief had given the villainous Hortz charge of me, and the latter was now disposed to exercise his petty authority in the most tyrannical and tantalizing manner. He began by cursing me for a slovenly dog of a *peon*, and then compelled me to perform his task and mine in the most menial way, and in fact to be the very servant of a servant. He took care, among other things, however—though evidently much against his inclination, and certainly against mine—that I should perform a thorough ablution, according to orders, and be clothed in a decent and respectable manner; but having once undergone the searching gaze of the chief, and accounted to him for my familiar look, I had the less fear of being recognized now, and more especially as I knew he really believed me dead.

Nothing of importance occurred for several days, the chief and his party remaining away, and those at the hacienda amusing themselves with feasting, drinking, dancing and gambling, the last including monte and cock-fights. In all these diversions I took no part, but kept myself busy at the stables, and as much secluded as possible. I hardly need say that my feelings, during this time, were of a most painful character; but the hope of soon being able to effect my escape, and get back to my friends, was a sufficient buoy to my spirits to keep them above the black waters of despair.

The building we occupied stood upon an elevation, overlooking a shrubby plain that appeared not to have been cultivated for a number of years. The structure was massive and ungainly, and, like all solitary edifices in that region, appeared to have been constructed with an eye to defence and security—to serve the double purpose of a fort and a dwelling. To whom it belonged I do not know; but from what I saw, I was led to conclude that it had recently been repaired and fitted up for the general magazine and rendezvous of the banditti, who had probably been returned from the South much longer than the citizens of the neighboring ranchos and haciendas supposed.

I have said that nothing unusual occurred for several days after the departure of the chief, and that meantime the inmates of the hacienda amused themselves with such sports as best suited their wild, lawless inclinations—taking care, rather as a matter of form, than from any seeming apprehension of danger, to keep one or two sentinels posted on the *azotea* night and day; but one evening, just as the sun was setting, no little excitement was occasioned by the announcement that a solitary horseman was speeding toward us over the heath, holding in his hand a small, red flag, a signal of distress and danger. All flew to the gate, young and old of both sexes; and my curiosity being greatly excited, I ventured to mingle with the crowd.

We were not long kept in suspense; for the solitary horseman soon dashed up and through the gate, and reined up his panting and foam-covered beast in the centre of the *patio*, where he was instantly surrounded by eager and alarmed inquirers; to whom, in breathless haste, he communicated the startling intelligence, that Romanillo and his little band, after succeeding in capturing the specie train of Don Ramon, had been set upon by an overwhelming force of La Garza's soldiers, and, after a desperate fight, during which some five of his comrades had been slain, had himself been made prisoner, covered with blood and wounds.

This announcement, as was natural it should, filled the minds of the spectators with grief and dismay; and loud curses from the men, and loud wails of anguish from the women and children, rent the air. There was but one in all that crowd who was delighted with this news, and that one was myself; but I took care to conceal my joy, and put on an appearance of grief becoming the occasion.

By degrees the particulars were learned and the consequences summed up; but as it is not my intention to enter into detail, a few words will suffice to make the reader acquainted with the whole state of affairs.

Of those who had accompanied and fought with their chief, not more than three, besides the messenger, had escaped death or captivity. He himself had secreted himself in a neighboring wood till after dark; when, tying his horse to a limb, he had sallied forth on foot toward the camp of the Royalists, in order to gather some intelligence of his master. On his way he had chanced to meet a soldier, whom he had instantly killed; and dressing himself in the uniform of the dead, he had managed to slip past the sentinel and enter the camp; where, in one way and another, he had picked up the following facts:

Romanillo was a prisoner, confined in a fortified rancho, under a strong guard; and as he had been taken in the act of plunder and lawless resistance of the military, it had been determined to bring him before a military tribunal, and have him tried, sentenced, and shot—though when this would take place the messenger did not know. But there was another fact quite as startling as the first. Of those who had been taken prisoners with their chief, there was one who—either through the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment, or perhaps both, so it was rumored—had turned king's evidence, and betrayed the secrets of the band, and was to set off on the following day to guide a strong detachment of military to the present head quarters of his comrades.

As the messenger had started at daylight, and ridden as hard as his beast could bear, it was supposed that he must be some several hours in advance of his enemies; but that the hacienda would be besieged some time during the night, no one seemed to doubt; and therefore great was the excitement and confusion which prevailed as the women and children began to prepare for a hasty flight to the mountains, and the men to cover their retreat, and, if circumstances would justify it, to strike a bold blow for their chief and revenge. Horses and mules were accordingly all put under saddle; and while some three or four of the men went out as scouts, the rest remained and worked fast and hard in collecting together all their valuable goods, provisions, and so forth, and packing them for transportation on the beasts of burden.

Some two hours before midnight, all being ready for the journey, the long train issued through the gate of the hacienda, and began its regular march over the wild heath, toward a forest which lay at the distance of a couple of leagues, and which we entered without molestation in something like an hour and a half from setting out. Here the mounted men, who had been hovering around their weaker companions and acting as scouts, collected in a body and held a sort of council of war—at which, however, not being a regular member of the band, I was not permitted to be present.

In fact I had all along been looked upon and treated as a low menial—the villainous Hortz continually tyrannizing over and subjecting me to the most insulting indignities—all of which I had borne with seeming meekness and patience, in hope of soon being able to effect my escape. As yet I had no arms, and had been compelled to walk that my betters might ride; and on foot and unarmed, with mounted men all around me, and under the special surveillance of my vicious master, I felt that a bold attempt at liberty, with so many apparently better opportunities ahead, would be the height of foolish imprudence, and so I remained at my post, an insignificant *mozo* and seemingly a contented slave.

After a consultation of some quarter of an hour, ten of the mounted party took a hurried leave of the women and children and dashed away, leaving some four or five men, besides myself, to guard and guide the others on their long journey.

To be brief, we marched all night, and all the following day, stopping only some two or three times to rest and eat. The second night we encamped in an old, deserted, ruinous rancho; and near the close of the second day we began to ascend the mountains, in what seemed to be an uninhabited region. The third night we passed in a wild glen, beside a mountain torrent; and the following day, after a fatiguing march over a wild, precipitous route, with rugged mountains towering above us, we reached our destination—a large, gloomy cave, in the very heart of the wilderness, and so fortified by nature, that, like the Pass of Thermopylæ, a few might defend it against a host.

During all this time, no opportunity, such as I sought, had presented itself for my escape; and after reaching the cave in the wilderness, I found, to my dismay, that my chances of getting safely back to my friends had so decreased as to afford me but little hope. In the first place, I knew I was many a long league from Soto la Marina, and, even with my liberty, I could hardly hope to find it out without a guide; and in the second place, I had no weapons, and, when not asleep, was kept almost constantly employed, under the eye of the villainous Hortz, who, whether he suspected my design or not, gave me no opportunity of carrying it out.

This stronghold of the robbers was not a new place of refuge, and there were evidences of its having been in use quite recently; and I have reason for believing it to have been at all times the head-quarters of Romanillo; where, after some desperate expedition, he had retired for safety, and to recruit his band from among the ill-treated peasantry of the vicinity, whose wrongs and his wily temptations made them his willing victims. The cave—entered through a long, narrow cleft in a mighty rock, where twenty men could make good their ground against five hundred assailants—was large and airy, and was ventilated here and there by fissures through its high roof. It was roomy enough for five hundred horses, with as many men, and a year's provisions; and in the centre was a bubbling spring of clear, cold water, which, forming a tiny stream, meandered away and lost itself through a deep fissure. The cave was in a wild region, with frowning hills and snow-covered mountains towering above; dark hollows, gloomy glens, and fearful chasms yawning below; but over these mountains, about a league to the westward, I was told there was a beautiful valley for grazing, where the flowers ever bloomed and the grass kept its verdure the entire year round.

We had been about four days at the cave, when every one save myself was set to rejoicing by the return of Romanillo, at the head of twelve of his band, not a single one of whom had escaped being wounded in a recent affray, and two of whom died the following night in the arms of their female attendants, whose lamentations were as loud as they doubtless were sincere. The chief himself had a bandaged head and a crippled arm; but these wounds, and those of his followers, were looked upon as so trifling in comparison with his recent peril, that, after a brief time given to mourning for the absent and the present dead, which latter were buried with some ceremony on the side of the mountain, a jubilant *fandango* was started and kept up daily for a week, every one who was able, both old and young, taking an active part in the performance, and nearly every one retiring at night under the exhilarating influence of the fiery *aguardiente*.

The party did not lack provisions for both man and beast—for besides what had been brought with them in their hasty retreat from the hacienda, there was a large quantity of hay and corn stored away in the cave, upon which all the animals were fed till after the return of the chief, when the mules and several of the riding horses were driven to the valley before mentioned, where they were left to graze under the care of a *mozo* and a youth, the rest being kept stabled and ready for any emergency.

Of those at the cave I had almost the entire charge—the two other grooms, of which Hortz was one, compelling me to do all the labor; but to this I had the less objection, that it kept me employed in a manner little calculated to attract the attention of the lynx-eyed chief and his followers.

Two weeks had passed away from the return of Romanillo—whose escape from his enemies was said to have been miraculous—and during all this time, though constantly on the watch, I had found no opportunity of getting clear of my captors. From the general stock of arms, however—which, with a large quantity of ammunition, were kept in a small, dry, natural apartment, called the magazine, and where, when I had any idle time, I was occasionally sent to furbish the cutlery—I managed to abstract a pair of pistols, some powder and balls, and an old dirk, all of which I concealed about my person. It had been my hope to escape on horseback and in the night—and by having charge of the animals, and my own being among the number, this might have been easy for me to accomplish, only for the single fact that a sentinel was every night posted in the Pass leading from the cave.

But the time had now come for my good fortune to be once more slightly in the ascendant. One day, toward evening, as Hortz, somewhat in liquor, stood cursing me in a loud tone, he attracted the attention of Romanillo, who sauntered up and said:

"Hortz, what is the matter with you, that, day after day, your tongue goes so much faster than your hands, and makes a great deal more noise than music?"

"This lazy villain provokes me so, Capitan!" returned Hortz, with a coarse oath, though speaking in an obsequious tone to his superior.

"He must provoke you then by doing his share of the work and yours too," smiled Romanillo; "and so, Senor Hortz, I will relieve you. Now do you attend to the horses as faithfully as he has done, and you will soon discover how much better your food will digest, how much better you will feel, and consequently how much less cause and time you will have for grumbling. There, good Hortz, not a word; I know what you would say; but unless your memory is somewhat of the shortest, you will remember me as one who never argues concerning my own orders."

Hortz turned aside, red with passion and vexation; but he took care not to reply so as to be heard by his master, who would probably have deliberately blown his brains out on the spot, such being his summary and terrible way of punishing disobedience.

Then calling me to him, the chief addressed me for the first time after his return.

"Edmondo," he said, "perhaps you think you have remained unnoticed by me—but the eye of Romanillo lets none escape him. I have watched you daily, and I know you have been faithful to your trust, though that trust has been a menial one; and for being faithful over small things, you deserve, and shall have, promotion. You shall no longer be a servant of Hortz, but shall be sworn into our band, and be taught the grips and signals, pass-words and signs, which will insure your safety among our profession all over Mexico. Then, with the new recruits that will soon join us, you shall have practice with sabre and lance, pistol and carabine, till you shall have become fitted for any strife, when I will lead you to victory and glory. What think you of this?"

"That you are very kind, Senor Capitan?"

"Have you now any desire to get back to your master, Don Ramon?"

"I have no desire to behold Don Ramon again, Senor Capitan."

"It is well. Now go and join the ladies; and to-night, as a proof of the trust I repose in you, you shall stand sentinel in the Pass."

I bowed low, and, retiring, mingled freely with the females, whose good opinion I sought to win by all the soft blandishments of which I was master.

About an hour after the conversation I have recorded, I was startled by perceiving the eye of Romanillo fixed steadily, and, as I fancied, somewhat suspiciously, upon me; and when, shortly after, he again called me to him, I approached him with a sinking heart.

"Edmondo," he said, "since I have given some particular attention to you, I have been struck with the wonderful resemblance you bear to the officer I shot; and what is still more curious, his name, if my memory serves me, was Edmondo also."

His eye was fixed upon me as he spoke, and I felt and knew it was a critical time in my existence—for I was on the eve of being discovered, and discovery would be death. Summoning all my nerve for a single throw—my life the stake—I forced a smile upon my features, and, looking up into his face, said, simply and innocently:

"And does your worship take me for a dead officer?"

It was a happy hit; the idea seemed to strike him as very ridiculous; and bursting into a hearty laugh, he rejoined:

"A very substantial ghost if I did! Go along with you, simple lad, and know I take you to be worth a thousand dead officers!"

That night, soon after dark, true to his word, Romanillo himself provided me with a loaded carabine, and conducted me to my post in the Pass, giving me all proper instructions. When he was about to retire into the cave, he said, in that tone which I have before described as so terribly thrilling:

"Edmondo, beware! There is always some one to detect a want of vigilance, and the penalty is death! If you are found asleep, or absent from your post, though even for a moment, you will never behold the rising of another sun! Beware!"

With these impressive words, so spoken as to thrill through every nerve, like the subtle fluid from an electric battery, Romanillo left me and returned to his companions.

"Now or never!" whispered my good genius; and "Liberty or death!" was the response of my heart.

I waited till the slender figure of the bold outlaw was swallowed up in the darkness; and then, with a brief prayer to God for deliverance, I turned and glided swiftly, stealthily, and noise-

lessly down the deep, rocky gorge which led from the wild mountain home of the blood-stained Ladrones of Tamaulipas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1866.

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A RAINY DAY.

Dark, gloomy, and dismal! Such are the epithets I hear applied to this unfortunate day by every one. The wind is northeast; the rain a fine but ceaseless drizzle.

Feeling a strong tendency to the blues, I drop my book, and go to the window. It does not look very inviting outside, that is certain. The streets are several inches deep in mud, through which dreary-looking pedestrians plod along with a resigned air, which shows that they think there is no use in complaining.

I turn to the side window, and my eyes rest upon the graveyard on the other side of the street. Not exactly the right prospect, under the circumstances, you will say. But to me it was. It looked so quiet and peaceful, that the weary heart and restless brain were insensibly soothed and calmed. Even the rain seemed to throw a gray misty mantle over it, which shut it out more completely from the busy world that surged around it. Then I remember how beautiful it has been, with bright flowers lighting up all the shady places, and the sunshine sleeping so tranquilly alike on lowly grave and marble monument, till it faded away into the soft twilight, and the drops of dew rested like tears upon the graceful branches of the weeping willow.

"Do you not dread the thought of death?" asked a friend the other day, in conversation. "I can easily understand how in thinking of the glory beyond, all fear is taken away, but death itself is very terrible to me."

Her words came back to me as I sat gazing out of the window, and I thought—is it so?

There are times that come to us all when the thought of the coffin and the shroud "make us to shudder and grow sick at heart," but when looking at such a quiet spot as this, it does not seem hard to be laid there. Then, too, if death be, as I believe, a dreamless sleep, will it not be a sweet and blessed rest to the weary soldier of the cross, who has fought through the long campaign under the great Captain of our salvation?

> "Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest,
> Whose waking is supremely blest—
> No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
> That manifests the Saviour's power."

Thinking of that glorious awakening, and of the never-ending happiness beyond, will you not strive, dear Christian friends, to conquer the fear of death, which haunts so many like a spectre?

But see! the rain has ceased, and the dark clouds, breaking apart, show that they are lined with silver. The blue sky gleams brightly through the rifts, while the merry voices of children, returning from school, warn me that the time for dreaming is over.

> I SLEPT and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty—
> Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
> Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy life to be
> A noontide light and truth to thee.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September.

THE OLD TIMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In your notice of "another old subscriber," you refer to the small size of the sheet at the commencement of the Evening Post, and the shock which the "founder of the paper would have felt if asked to pay a contributor."

The size was considered quite respectable then; and compared with the "whitey-brown" sheet on which Franklin had printed his paper, in the same office, the Old Post was considered an improvement, and the publishers boasted of their enterprise. It pleased everybody, and that was enough. If the readers were satisfied that was about as much as is accomplished in our spread-eagle day. You are correct in reference to paying contributors. Paying indeed. Why such a thing was never thought of. To be a "correspondent" was a distinguished honor in the good old times, and the editor never thought of lowering the honor by any mercenary suggestions. The Post was the only paper published then, except the dailies; and it is pleasant to look back at the sensation which the Saturday appearance created. Philadelphia in 1821 was not the Philadelphia of to-day; and it seemed as if the "literary sensation" was diffused over the city. The number of aspirants for a position in the columns of the Post was large, and their friends were numerous; but there were so many rejected that the disappointment kept up a continual flutter. Looking over the roll of honor, it is interesting now to trace the progress of the young writers who commenced their literary career in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post. Among them I remember some names that are warmly cherished. There was C. C. (Christopher Columbus Conwell), nephew of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, a warm-hearted, generous physician, who has the credit of starting the first "penny paper" in Philadelphia, if not the first in the country. It was called "The Cent," Dr. Conwell died about 1832. Another correspondent whose graceful pen added interest to the Post was "Francis," who died a few years since a highly esteemed and wealthy merchant. Another favorite writer, in the early days of the Post, is now the popular president of one of your city banks; and still another now presides over the city of Philadelphia as its honored mayor. One of the greatest favorites with the readers of that day was "Pasquin," the gentleman who, for so many years, has presided as Principal of the Institution for the Blind in your "city of Brotherly Love." I might go on enumerating the names of *graduates from your Saturday College*, who have achieved distinction in the walks of literature, or commerce, or politics; but how many, alas, of the friends of our youthful days now repose from their earthly labors. A marked difference, in the old times of the Post from the present, is in the greater number of female writers that now adorn the columns of our literary papers. There were but three or four that I can recall to mind; and only one worthy of especial note. That one, under the signature of "Rosa," is remembered for her "Island of Flowers," and other beautiful contributions; and as "Martha," her prose writings enriched the Post with the same pure and elevated sentiments that were subsequently enforced from the "high seats," as her calm, sweet accents broke upon the religious repose of the "silent meetings." I should like to go over the "early days," and glean from the favorite "contributors" some of the gems which were "born to blush unseen," (except for "the favored few,") though it is amazing how much of the poetry which found admittance then was very mediocre; but it answered its purpose. In gratifying "youthful ambition," and awakening a *paying* interest among the various circles of "admiring friends," it suited all round, publisher, author, and readers. Does the Post, in our day, do more? "It cost little, and was worth all it cost."

If not already too prolix, I will add a few lines from a poem of my especial friend, Dr. Conwell, as a proof of the genuine inspiration which marked his brief career as a poet. He took about the meanest object that could well be taken, yet threw around his "Elegy on a Flea" the light of true genius:

> "Upon this fragrant leaf of faded rose,
> The mortal reliques of a flea repose;
> Upon this fragrant leaf the flea was born,
> Upon this leaf he played in life's gay morn—
> * * * * * *
> The ray-wreathed topaz sparkled from his eye,
> A polished cuisse of amber bound his thigh;
> Through capillary tubes, a living flood
> Poured round his little heart the purple blood;
> While nerves, the heralds of sensation, ran
> Thro' every part, as perfect as in man.
> A red-mailed helmet gleamed beneath his crest,
> And burnished cuirass glittered on his breast.
> Not Solomon arrayed in all his state,
> Not Tamerlaine the greatest of the great,
> Nor Phillip's son whom Rome a godhead deemed,
> Harnessed in such bright armor ever gleamed.
> Scarce had his wingiets tender muscles tried
> To stem with silver oar the arial tide,
> When zephyr sprinkled on his airy bower,
> From mass of silver clouds, a fatal shower;
> * * * * *
> Not all the flaming cherubim of war
> That blazed around great Alexander's car;
> Nor Tyre's proud hosts, the mistress of the sea,
> Could light the spark of spirit in a flea.
> Not all the golden caverns of the mine,
> Nor diamond rocks on Siam's gorgeous line,
> Could ransom back the trembling life, or buy
> One beam of lustre to illume his eye.
> Rest hapless insect on this satin leaf.
> * * * * *
> Like thee 'twas dressed in nature's richest pride.
> Like thee it flourished, and like thee it died.
> * * * * *
> This leaf that round thy life shed sweet perfume,
> Has proved thy *cradle*, *palace*, and thy *tomb*."

T. C. C.

A Bit of Royal Gossip.

A London correspondent of the Commercial Bulletin gives the following gossip about the Princess Mary, of Cambridge. The great personage, it is said, weighs two hundred and thirty pounds—but that must be a slander!

And while I am talking about these royal folk, I may as well tell you about some of the latest gossip about them, which is freely talked of on the streets and in the clubs, and occasionally just hinted at in the papers. Your readers are probably aware that there is, belonging to the royal family, a certain lady, who is known to the world as the princess Mary of Cambridge. She is an own cousin of the Queen's, and is a sister of the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. She is a very comely lady, though, a great defect, she is outrageously fat. Her age is somewhere near thirty-three. For a long time this Princess Mary, of Cambridge, has been anxious to get married, but she has never been able until recently to effect that object. At one time Victor Emmanuel, at another the Duke of Rutland, at another the Duke of Newcastle has been thought of, but the *Re Galantuomo* thought her too bulky for his purpose, and the Queen refused to consent to the marriage with English subjects. Just within a few months, however, one of those petty German Princes who find such favor here among the royal folk, turns up, and in default of anything better, makes love to the Princess Mary, which coy maiden received his advance with gratifying complacence.

I should say that previous to this appearance on the scene of Prince Teck (this is the fair Mary's conquest,) the Queen's third daughter, the pretty Helena, had become affianced to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, another German pigmy prince. When matters between fair Mary and her Teck came to a head, the marriage was proposed to the Queen. The Queen seemed disinclined to consent. Her principal objection, it seems, was a moral one; Prince Teck, she said, already had a wife and four children living in Germany; true, it had been a left-handed, a morganatic marriage, still would not Princess Mary be in a dubious position?

Upon this objection being raised by Her Gracious Majesty, Princess Mary is struck with an idea. She forthwith sets inquiries on foot in regard to *Prince Christian*, who is to marry Victoria's daughter Helena; and to her delight finds that he too is morganatically married and has morganatic children. Armed with this she goes to the Queen and declares that if her intended is to be objected to on such an account, the marriage of the Princess Helena ought also to be prohibited for the same reason.

The prospect of losing a son-in-law, when they are so scarce and she has so many daughters to provide for, fairly frightened the Queen; her moral objection to the marriage of the Princess Mary with Teck gave way under such pressure; and the fat and red-cheeked bride was a week or so since led to the altar of the church at Kew by the happy Teck, not only with the consent, but in the presence of Her Gracious Majesty herself. Within a few weeks the lovely young Princess Helena is to be given to a man whose wife is yet living: and this is the piety of that exemplary sovereign, Queen Victoria.

ATHOS.

Peace in Europe.

By Atlantic cable we learn that the Prussian Commissioners have concluded a peace with Bavaria and Hesse Darmstadt. Bavaria cedes to Prussia the northern district, composed of Lichtenfels and the walled town of Culmbach, and also to pay thirty millions of florins. Hesse Darmstadt cedes to Prussia the territory of the Landgraveate of Hesse Homberg. Bavaria retains the territory of Upper Hesse, which will be incorporated with the new confederation of northern Germany. The Prussian troops have commenced to evacuate Bohemia. France is to cede Venetia to Italy, to be held as part of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. The Turks have commenced active hostilities against the Christians in Candia, and treat them as rebels against the authority of the Sultan. The Christians are 25,000 strong, and hold important points against the Turks. Victor Emmanuel has issued a decree proclaiming an amnesty to political exiles and prisoners throughout Italy and his dominions. The reported resignation of Garibaldi is denied.

THE SUBURBS OF A GREAT CITY.—Not Columbus, when he picked up the driftwood and seaweed off the New Continent felt more invigorated than I. There it was, the same odor of pig sty, the same flavor of nanny-goat, the old, old bouquet of bone-boiling, the well-remembered fragrance of slops, the dense welcome of the sewerage. Nothing had changed in a vacation. Sanitary revolution nor pestilential inroad had destroyed the character of the town. There was something in this that spoke of the immutability of social things. Men may wither as the grass, parties and religion may shift and disappear, but the bone-boiling and the nanny-goats are there always, awful in their unchangeableness, fit types of the eternal indestructible majesty of matter.

SLEEP WHENEVER YOU WANT TO.—Let me assure you, that if you are seeking rest, and feel the breath of the dream god about you, even directly after breakfast, yield at once—sleep when you can and as much as you can. Thus nature knits up not only the ravelled sleeve of one day's care, but goes carefully over the whole fabric of your being, and makes good many a threadbare place which incessant work has left unmended from week to week. Yield to her hand as she feels for the worn spots; and if you can go to sleep in the daytime, even after a good night's rest, let no affectation of shame hinder your acceptance of the privilege. Lay the monotonous newspaper down, put your legs up on the sofa, and go to sleep.

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—A belief is sometimes expressed that now-a-days people marry later in life than they did formerly; but if this is the case in certain classes of society, it does not obtain among the people generally, for the proportion of young persons who marry has never been so high as during the year 1863, and, with very few exceptions, the rate has been annually increasing during the last twenty years. In 1841, in every 100 marriages, 4·88 of the men and 13·29 of the women were under 21 years of age. In 1861 these proportions had risen to 6·61 and 19·90 respectively.—*English paper.*

☞ "Vegetable pills!" exclaimed an old lady, "don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumpling. For destroying a gnawing of the stomach there's nothing like it."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

IN THE DESERT—DUSTY DISCOMFORTS—COMING TO WATER—GOING IN TO DRINK—DESERT POOLS—A SAD SCENE—ANIMAL FUEL—IMPROVIDENCE.

During our second day's progress towards the heart of the South American Sahara we began to experience some of the uncomfortable inconveniences of the desert-privations and annoyances that our fair enthusiasts had quite forgotten to count as inevitable consequences of a journey through the barren waste.

First of these vexations were the ugly, troublesome *Leparts*, then the sun's rays refracted from bluish sulphur and brownish ashes, with the continual whiffs of impalpable dust sent up by the queer reptiles as they flipped up incessantly before us, the rays blinding and bewildering, and the clouds of dust suffocating, so that we were all obliged to don, and tuck in close about our necks, our thick veils of black crape, which though certainly shutting out much of the noxious dust and distressing glare, shut out the air as well, and so closely cowled in crape we were in danger of actual suffocation.

But that from which we suffered most was want of pure cold water, such as we had found twice or three times in every league of our journey through the Chilean wheat regions. The small rivers, brooks, and rivulets, coming down from the mountains, cool, sparkling, and delicious, leaping along seaward through all the fertile regions we had traversed, had disappeared, and there was only a wide waste of bitter, bluish ashes, dust, cinders, and black, volcanic scoria in our rear, in front and on either hand—the horizon shutting down all around us on a blank, barren, dreary waste.

We had our canteens and a few great goat-skin bottles filled, or partly full of water from the Salado, the last stream we had passed; besides our pack mules bore bottles of wine, and *Absinthe* and *Parfait d'amour*. But then the water in our canteens was gathering caloric so rapidly that we fancied we could feel simmering symptoms in it, that in the great skin flasks, was flat, hot, and tasted like a dead goat far gone in decomposition. Wine, *Absinthe* and "Perfect Love" are all very nice bibibles under proper conditions, but a poor preventive or palliation of thirst in a hot, smothering atmosphere and scorching desert. So notwithstanding our supply of wine and water, we went on thirsting, only as the necessity became imperative, ridding our parched tongues and smarting throats of the bitter, sulphurous ashes with a rinse or single swallow of the seething water from our canteens.

Our poor horses, their mouths, eyes and nostrils unprotected by veils, suffered infinitely more than ourselves from inhaling the pungent dust, and towards noon the tortures of thirst, added to their other sufferings, maddened and made them almost unmanageable. Coming to a halt near noon we distributed the tepid water contained in the several goat skins among the thirsty animals. The supply, scanty and warm as it was, only partially allayed their sufferings; but its consumption afforded immense relief to the poor, patient, staggering pack mules who were ready to sink under their extra burdens.

About two hours past noon we came to slight depression in the surface—a sort of shallow ravine, the bottom of which was moist, and arguing that by following its course towards the mountains we should find water, we reined our horses' heads towards the snowy peaks of the Andes, dimly seen in the far distance. Promises of water became more apparent as we progressed up the ravine, and when we had proceeded perhaps a league, we came to a pool of some ten yards in extent and beyond it a considerable brook emptying into the reservoir.

Horses and mules, the moment they saw water before them, plunged madly forward and headlong into the pool, which in the centre was so deep that several of us were wet in our saddles, and while the thirsty animals were slaking their thirst, we splashed the welcome water over such parts of them as were not submerged, over our own persons and our companions. As for the poor little pack mules, being out of their depth, they paddled about, drinking as they swam, and sadly damaging our dry provision stores in spite of all our efforts to prevent it. The water was warm, and unpalatable, containing as it did alkali and a bitter infusion of sulphur; but it was better than the almost boiling fluid in our canteens, and so after our animals had slaked their thirst in the pool, we filled three of the skins and all our canteens from the stream above, and went on our way again greatly invigorated by our bath.

In riding over a stretch of perhaps three leagues we came to four, I believe, of these water reservoirs or pools, all smaller than the first, and the water quite unfit for drinking. The streams which form these little desert ponds came down from the mountains, at first clear, cool and sparkling, but entering the arid region of desolation, in a few miles of flow through the scoria, sulphur and bitter ashes they lose all their better characteristics, subsiding finally into these stagnant pools and are at last absorbed, leaving only traces of moisture on the surface for a few miles beyond the reservoirs.

It was determined to come to a halt and bivouac for the night early enough to afford us an opportunity to dry and rearrange our wet provisions such as were perishable by water. But we were brought to a sudden halt an hour earlier than was our intention, by a scene as terrible as it was strange—an awful souvenir held by the desert of others as reckless and foolhardy as ourselves.

We came to a mule, saddled and bridled, and so long dead that the body was as hard and dry as a piece of baked wood. The skin was intact, and drawn over the dried flesh and bones almost as rigid as a sheet-iron shell. Three hundred yards beyond we came to the bodies of three men and a woman, dead there in the desert, and dried into mummies like the mule. Two of the men lay stretched on their faces, unsheltered, in the broad glare of the sun. But the other man, and the woman—there was a death-tableau—a picture that the very remembrance of, always brings a shuddering chill, and I scarcely know how to begin a written description of it.

There was a great mass of vitrified cinder or scoria among many smaller fragments, and at the base of this, on the western side, so that from morning till midday the bodies would be partially screened from the sun, were the dead man and woman. The latter, who had lived longest, sat with her back against the block of scoria, supporting in her lap the man's head, he lying on his back, with his left arm raised, and passed around the woman's waist from behind; the right hand lying upon his breast, clasped a crucifix. The woman wore a broad-brimmed Spanish *sombrero*, which, as her face was bent down so near to that of the man that her masses of black wavy hair swept and almost hid his features, concealed entirely her own.

The clothing of both the man and woman was of fine and costly material, the female wearing rings, bracelets, a necklace and ear-rings, set with precious stones, and a massive gold chain, to which was appended an exquisitely wrought cross set with diamonds and rubies.

Dead so long, and dried as the bodies were to mummies, there was nothing in their appearance by which a knowledge of their ages or looks when alive could be gained; but a card case, taken from the lady's pocket, and a double locket found in her bosom when we were disposing the bodies for burial, revealed all the mystery and told the melancholy story. In the card case were found cards printed from copper plates, engraved thus:

> COL. ENRIQUE GABRIEL VARINAS.
> CHUQUISACA.
>
> DONA CLARICE SILVERIA VARINAS.
> CHUQUISACA.

The locket revealed portraits in miniature, most exquisitely painted on ivory, of Col. Varinas of the Bolivian capital—a man of about thirty, handsome and noble looking, and his wife, Dona Clarice, there on the ivory, the sweetest, most angelic face I ever saw—there before us in reality a shrivelled shadow, a mummy, sallow, ghastly and revolting.

And thus they had perished by famine and thirst in the pitiless desert of Altecama—the noble, brave, handsome husband, and the lovely, angelic, devoted wife. We had heard in Valparaiso that Col. Varinas and his wife were of the unfortunate party who had attempted to pass the desert; but all that the survivors of the unfortunate expedition knew of their fate was that they had separated from the main company with two of their companions and had not been heard of afterwards. A member of our party, Don Adrian Morena, who had joined us in Valparaiso, had lived in Chuquisaca and knew both Col. Varinas and his wife intimately, and assured us that no truer, nobler hearted man, or purer, lovelier, more amiable woman ever lived.

So, as we should one day, if the desert did not set its death seal upon us, too, visit Chuquisaca, we removed the watches, jewelry and other valuables from the persons of the dead colonel and his wife, that we might return them to their relatives, and then having scooped out a grave with our knives, swords, and such implements as we possessed, we wrapped the bodies of the young Bolivian colonel and his devoted wife in their *ponchos* and buried them as decently as we could at the base of the great mass of lava where we had found them. Then having interred the other two bodies in the same manner, we proceeded to unpack our wet stores, and while a portion of our party set about sorting out and drying such material as required it, the remainder began to make preparations for dinner and supper all in one meal, as we had eaten nothing since sunrise, and being but human, were getting hungry, albeit the scene we had just witnessed had abated something of our appetite.

No wood of any description, not the semblance of vegetation, even the cactus substitute had long since disappeared from the surface, and we began to despair of coffee and broiled mutton, but Don Adrian, our Bolivian *compañero*, proved a friend in need. He had journeyed frequently through the woodless regions of his own country and Peru, and was educated to such exigencies. There was the carcase of the mummied mule, and not far from our bivouac those of the horses that living had belonged to the people we had just buried. A requisition was made upon the mule first. There was not much fat or flesh, but the dried skin and entrails, with their contents, burned like pitch pine, and in a little time we had a beautiful fire, and our jerked mutton and coffee cooking famously. We had an abundance of *pan dulce* (sweet cakes) and crackers, in water tight tin cans, and of these we gave our horses and mules a supper, with half the contents of the goat skins for tea, reserving the remainder of the water for theirs and our own breakfast, and after a somewhat serious repast and tethering our animals, we lay down in the desert, the clear, cloudless sky our canopy, wallowing literally in dust and ashes, careless of the future, following the Bible teaching—"Take no heed for the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink."

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, we had learned that the New Testament teachings, taken literally, were by no means applicable to the interior of the desert of Altecama.

In the morning a mummied horse furnished fuel to prepare our breakfast, our animals breakfasting as they had supped, on crackers, sweet cakes and the remainder of the water; and at sunrise we went to saddle and our horses on a walk, deeper into the desert. Before the sun had reached the meridian, our poor beasts were frantic with thirst, ourselves sweltering, suffocating, and in danger of a death as terrible as that of those to whom the day previous we had given as far as we were able Christian burial. We began to learn that husbanding our resources and putting ourselves and animals on a short allowance of bread and water would have been better for all.

A Siberian Woman.

A gentleman who is engaged in the telegraphic expedition in Siberia, relates the following incident in a letter to a friend in Cincinnati:—

"I met with a Korak woman of about twenty-two years of age on the great Tundra (marked Keran on the map) who drove a team of reindeers with a loaded sledge fifty versts in one day, and at night slept out in the snow, with no covering whatever except the clothing she had worn during the day, and in a temperature 43 deg. below zero, or 75 deg. below the freezing point! Think of that, ye effeminate ladies of America. That I saw myself, although even to me it seems incredible now. I thought it an extraordinary thing to sleep in a reindeer skin tent out of doors in such weather, and I should have frozen to death in two hours had I attempted to sleep without it. She travelled with us, driving her own reindeer, and sleeping on the snow every night."

☞ An enthusiastic pamphlet has been addressed to the Pope by a French prelate, advocating the cause of Christopher Columbus as a worthy candidate for the honors of canonization.

The Story of a Burglary.

In October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage-week. Having been out of health for some time, and needing a change, I thankfully accepted his offer, and made my preparations for the journey at once.

I reached London about a week before the important day; and to those who know anything about weddings, and especially weddings "in high-life" (so, I believe, the correct phrase runs), I need not say that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry; the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jewellers' shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing-room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner-party to relations on both sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock, every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered into the head of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing-room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel-box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bedroom. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing-case and dressing-bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left, with numerous other articles, in one of the back drawing-rooms, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground-floor there were dining-room, breakfast-room, and morning-room. On the first floor, there were three drawing-rooms; and besides these, there was, built out at the back, and lying beyond the servant's staircase, the bedroom and dressing-room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor, were four bedrooms and a dressing-room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bedroom open gradually, and a bright light shine through it. I called out at once in a loud voice: "Who's there?" when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before: my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the house being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, and looking at my watch, found the time to be four o'clock. For a time I listened intently, but soon finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to get to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. About five o'clock, I heard some noises in the next bedroom to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half-past five, I heard somebody stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined still, that in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes to six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about six feet two inches in height, and most powerfully made, was listening at the door of a bedroom close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me, I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back, and allowed him to pass. The next moment I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made; but the minute or two which had elapsed, enabled the burglars to make good their retreat, and they got clear away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver or gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable: plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing-rooms; they had wrenched off and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing-case and dressing-bag; they had entered two bedrooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but, most fortunately, they had missed the great prize, the jewels, to obtain which the burglary had, doubtless, been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bedroom beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in that direction. They must have reasoned, that the best bedrooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing-room and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting their prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and rifling the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found, upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield—so I will call him—of the Q division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was: "What sort of man was it that you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man, but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called upon me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely got halfway through the list, when a knock was heard at the door, and Sergeant Wood, as I will call him—also of the Q division—was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should never have guessed what he was. My idea of a policeman was, that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers that were the objects of the admiration of the servant-maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ("So that they may have nothing to hold on by," he darkly whispered to me in a conversation we had some days after.) But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted by visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence—which, somehow, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman—and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for, after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and, after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade him good-morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting-pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the stolen property would be recovered. Nor did we think in our hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say, any belief in their powers of detection in a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when, barely an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured, and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I shall make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone street was not, I discovered, by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same features distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great minister of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case, the thief seemed to have clambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing-room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five. One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had *washed his hands* in the dressing-room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful; and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some connivance on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place; this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up-stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servant's bedrooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been either a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon the valiant defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop"-leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, upon being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose: Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been pooh-poohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioners of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply, that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also, the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have *washed his hands*. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man; and as there was the remarkable fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class, and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton Place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen; the tall, dark man had actually spoken to a *commissionnaire* stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clue.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard that it was probable the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so, following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public-house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table d'hôte* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table d'hôte* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner-time, he accordingly made his appearance, of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of an *habitué*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed, when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasing appearance, came in, and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well, for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man was cleverer still, and after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair; just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clue, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good-luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this: that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clue was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskillfulness of the police, that the force made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men, the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday preceding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine-store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton-keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts, of course, proved him to be a suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half-past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone street must have been broken into about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain, that whatever he might have done on other occasions, the tall, dark foreigner of 224 Canon street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly, but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him that the man in question had not left his house after half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him the first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumbfounded—if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away: the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of the strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in question had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room, Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot, and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half-past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224 Canon street, and to walk down the street in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet, as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton-keys. This latter man had a small and apparently empty blue serge-bag on his arm. The two men linked arms, and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master-tradesmen. They were followed by three constables, of whom Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them—nay, he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and, if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary: he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crowbar, a bottle of aqua-fortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing-case in my friend's back drawing-room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he proceeded at once to Canon street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very large one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly-respectable wine-merchant, had a bedroom on this floor looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger. The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked, and as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way; it was a thought small and airless for a "wine-merchant," perhaps; but then he might be a trifle eccentric—many greater men have been guilty of more striking eccentricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it, and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies, he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone street, with the single exception of the gold toothpick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton Place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The first examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate, and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman swore to having seen both prisoners loitering near the mews at the back of Folkestone street on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and then they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before committal. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon the foreigner, some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman. He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of his life he took to burglary, seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skilful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such, that if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There is little doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found, with full particulars of access to each; and these, there was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career been stopped by the police.

☞ "Pray," inquired one minister of another, seeing so many ladies attend his church, "why do you invariably address your congregation as 'dear brethren?'" "Oh, the answer is easily given," he replied; "the brethren embrace the sisters."

☞ An American citizen of African descent, who wields the razor at Memphis, put on his sign, "Vox Populi Vox Dei Bath and Barber Saloon."

☞ An inebriated gent recently called at a general intelligence office to obtain information. He asked the proprietor if he could inform him as to the actual amount of whiskey he had drank during the past week.

☞ The income of Wm. B. Astor—poor man—has fallen off $150,000 since last year. It is now only $1,153,459.

☞ In London kid gloves are sold for thirty-five to forty cents, a good broadcloth coat for ten to twelve dollars, and a full suit of travelling clothes for eight dollars.

☞ An Expensive Drink.—It is said that Prince Metternich has some bottles of famous old wine in his cellar, each bottle of which is worth $200,000!

☞ A teacher in the primary department of the graded schools of Vergennes, Vt., interrogated the pupils as to the reason of the saltness of the ocean. One little lad was confident that he could tell, and the question was put: "Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" "The codfish!" replied the little original.

☞ In Hungary, during a bear hunt, a very hungry she bear had just been mortally wounded, when all at once a young girl, about twelve years old, rushed out of the thicket and threw herself upon the expiring beast, giving utterance to most lamentable cries. With some difficulty this young savage was captured by means of cords and nets. It has been discovered that a peasant woman, some twelve years ago, lost her child, a little girl, on the confines of the forest, and has never since been able to obtain any tidings of her. A certain Countess Erdodi has taken the little girl under her care, and is obliged to feed her on roots, honey, and raw meat—the usual food of bears.

☞ Domestic Drama.—Scene 1. Mother in the cellar splitting wood. Scene 2. Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the pathetic ballad of "Who will care for Mother now?"

☞ As an instance of the value of small things it is ascertained that eyelets, costing but seventeen or eighteen cents per thousand, are consumed to the value of four million dollars per year, so that over two hundred and fifty thousand millions of these little conveniences are annually used in hoop skirts, shoes, &c.

☞ A negro with red hair and whiskers is one of the lions of Mobile.

☞ One of the latest arrivals at Saratoga was a lady with eighty dresses and thirty-six bonnets.

☞ A gentleman, walking with two ladies, stepped on a hogshead hoop, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

☞ A Sensible Costume.—A Parisian newspaper says:—"The Empress, who can, like Maria de Medicis of the olden time, wear dresses adorned with thirty-two thousand pearls and three thousand diamonds, wears always the simplest costume."

☞ An Irish woman applying for relief, the other day, as one of the sufferers by the Portland fire, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied: "How many children have you?" "Six." "How old is your youngest?" "*Me youngest is dead, and I have had another since!*"

☞ A young workman in Paris had all the iron nails drawn out of his shoes by a stroke of lightning without other injury.

☞ A suit at law has been brought in Harrisburg for an alleged balance due of five cents.

☞ John Stubbings, of Kirtling, Cambridgeshire, England, was recently watching a hive of bees about to swarm, when the queen alighted on his head. Stubbings stood perfectly still, and in a few minutes the bees completely covered one side of his head, leaving him only sufficient breathing space. As soon as they were settled, his wife swept them off into a hive, and he escaped unhurt.

☞ A Gentleman.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

☞ A vengeful individual, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said, "I'll have revenge! By Jove, I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

☞ Very recently there have been rediscovered in Brazil the rich silver mines worked by the Jesuits. A similar rediscovery is reported in South California, where the Indians were compelled and bribed to silence by the Jesuits who worked the mines.

☞ The Lives of Men.—The lives of most men are like water, where but one point receives and reflects the sunshine, and all around is in the shade, and if a cloud passes over this spot, all is obscured. But let thy life be like the diamond, that, by nature too, only beams from one spot, but to which the cuttings of art give light surfaces, so that no part is dark. Be, then, not in one position cheerful, but in all; and, however Providence may see fit to treat thee, so let thy light continue to shine.

SOMEWHERE OR OTHER.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far;
Past land and sea, clean out of sight!
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star
That tracks her, night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near;
With just a wall, a hedge between;
With just the last leaves of the dying year
Fallen on a turf grown green.

THE ROWING MATCH;

Or, Which Shall Have Her?

BY ENSIGN TOMBS.

CHAPTER X.

A FEED AND HOP.

We sat down in a long marquee erected just outside the mess room door, and communicating with it by an ingeniously contrived covered-in passage. The interior was really beautiful. Daylight was carefully excluded. The walls were covered with crimson and gold hangings, interspersed with tall mirrors, at the sides of each of which clusters of wax candles mingled their light with that of the silver candelabra on the table. At one end, behind the president's chair, was the trophy of arms in the form of a large many-rayed star, composed of pistols, swords, and bayonets, borrowed for the occasion from the old castle. On each side of this drooped one of the newly presented colors. The other end of the tent was occupied by a large sideboard, covered with massive gold and silver plate, partly the property of the mess, but most of it lent by Lord Fortmaine, and other noblemen in the vicinity. There was a lavish display of plate on the table also, and, as a grateful relief to the eye amidst all this glare of precious metals and brilliant lights, multiplied to an indefinite extent by the mirrors behind, bouquets of the choicest exotics were arranged at intervals, with groups of ferns and glossy leaves and soft green moss,—the whole forming a perfect picture of what a dining-room and dinner-table ought to be, in the judgment of Captain Hallett, the greatest *bon vivant* in the regiment.

We sat down to the number of nearly one hundred. The only black coats were those of the mayor and corporation of Athlone. Truly, with the long lines of scarlet and gold on each side of the table, one would have thought all other decoration was needless. The colonel, of course, was president, having the Lord Lieutenant on his right hand, and General Malachite on his left. It is needless to particularize the rest,—field officers from Dublin and Galway; aides-de-camp and other members of the staff; heavy dragoons, a squadron of whom was stationed with us in barracks; Lord Fortmaine, in some official uniform; the sheriffs; and lastly, our own Slashers,—a right gorgeous and merry company.

Course succeeded course,—everything to excite the appetite and appease it. The most skilful cookery, the rarest wines; a crowd of watchful servants, tenderly careful of every one's wants; relays of fish, flesh, and fowl, in every shape and form; light, delicate entrées,—tut! why go on? Two hours passed, and we had feasted and were full. The champagne and sparkling hock had gone round freely, the band was playing one of Strauss's delightful waltzes, and there were flushed faces and brightened eyes round the long table, while tongues ran freely on every subject under the firmament,—steeple-chases, politics, army scandal, the new novels, the *St. Leger*, the clubs, the last seven days' wonder in Dublin or Pall Mall, personal reminiscences, and any amount of anecdote and laughter.

Fortunate, perhaps, it was for me that Fullarton, in his praiseworthy zeal for the honor of our boat, had contrived to seat his crew within hailing distance, and acted like a continual curb upon our eating and drinking propensities. By telegraphic signals to the waiters, by nods and winks,—nay, by forcible remarks across the table, he spoiled, for some half-dozen of us, as good a dinner as ever was served. Lobley sat a little way down the table, making fearful havoc of everything that came across him, emptying his glass as fast as it was filled, and nodding with a malicious grin every now and then at my involuntary abstinence. It was some slight comfort to hear my left-hand neighbor, a captain of dragoons, remark, drily, "There will be soda-water wanted in that quarter to-morrow morning, or I'm much mistaken." "He'll make a fool of himself to-night if he doesn't take care," was Fullarton's comforting rejoinder. "Hope he may," thought I to myself, in the bitterness of unquenched thirst.

Speeches and toasts followed the dinner. The ball commenced at sharp ten, and it was now 9.30. According to a preconcerted arrangement, a certain number of ours were to slip out quietly, and be off to receive such guests as might arrive early. Five minutes more and I was walking through the barrack square with Hallett, Fullarton, Delany, and Ross. We had dined in full dress uniform, and had no change to make in our toilets beyond a rosette of white ribbons, which each Slasher was to wear during the evening as *ex officio* stewards.

How delightfully cool and pleasant the fresh air of the summer evening felt after the glare and heat of the mess-tent! It would have been a shame to ride; and besides, there was neither inside nor outside car to be had for love or money. Every one of them was engaged some dozen deep, and what time it would be before all our guests were safely landed, the Fates alone could tell,—certainly not the drivers.

Early as it was there was a string of vehicles already at the entrance, each of them surrounded by a mob of dirty blackguards, flattening their noses against the windows, and commenting in no subdued, or indeed flattering, tones on the looks and dress of the unhappy insiders. It was no time, however, for gallantry. We pushed our way through the throng, and walked up the steps to the doorway, where a couple of sentries had been posted. As the glare of the lamps within fell upon our forage-caps and cloaks, the crowd set up a yell—to say "cheer" would be a gross misuse of the term,—and greeted an old lady who popped her head out of the foremost car at the same moment, with the comforting assurance that "Sure, them's the officers themselves, and ye'll be let out in a brace of shakes; so be aisy now, there's a darlint!" We found, on inquiry, that strict orders had been given to admit no one till ten o'clock. "But indeed, gentlemen," said one of the sentries, "there'll be a disturbance soon, for there's a row of carriages now down the whole street, and they're coming in by dozens." It was dangerous to linger, for the old lady referred to was making frantic signals, evidently on the point of coming forth bodily to claim our assistance. So we went our way inside.

It was wonderful how much had been done, and how well every part looked. The entrance-hall had been turned into a perfect conservatory of shrubs and flowers, and was brilliantly lighted by a large chandelier. A guard of honor, with fixed bayonets, was posted along the staircase and landing, the walls being decorated with trophies of arms, and some very fine old paintings, lent by Lord Fortmaine. The ball-room itself was simply but effectively fitted up, with a special eye to coolness and ventilation. No seats were allowed to encumber it. "We won't have any wall flowers," was the colonel's fiat; "those who don't or won't dance must play cards or flirt in the other rooms." These "other rooms" were four in number: two for whist, furnished with any amount of small green tables; another for sitting and flirtation, being literally crammed with ottomans and couches; and the fourth, a sort of *café*, with a counter where tea, coffee, negus, ice, lemonade, biscuits, and punch were to be had for the asking, besides tempting-looking pyramids of ripe, luscious fruit. Supper was to take place downstairs, in what really was a back yard, now covered over, and fitted up somewhat after the fashion of our mess-tent.

We had only time for a hasty look round. Mrs. Cox and several of the officers' ladies were already in the drawing-room, waiting for our arrival, and a message was immediately despatched to the sergeant of the guard to throw open the door, and admit the company. Goodness, what a rush! They poured in like a flood. The unfortunate footman, whose duty it was to shout out the name of each new arrival, gave it up as a bad job, and contented himself with a series of inarticulate roars which might mean anything. It reminded me of those lines in Southey's "March to Moscow:"—

> "There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
> And all the others that end in ow;
> Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
> And Karatschkowitch,
> And all the others that end in itch;
> Shamscheff, Sonchosanoff,
> And Schepaleff,
> And all the others that end in eff."

When the Lord Lieutenant, and all the rest of the party we had left at dinner, entered, there must have been quite three hundred people present. There was a general hush; the noble party made their way to the top of the ball-room; the band struck up; the Lord Lieutenant led forth Mrs. Cox; the general took the mayoress; the colonel captured Lady Malachite; the red-coats each secured a partner; black followed suit; and in another instant the ball was fairly opened.

To say I had never had such dancing before would mean but little, for my dancing days had scarce begun; but certainly I have never gone through more severe exercise since, and that is saying a good deal. Our lady guests had come prepared for vigorous work, and the pace was awful. There was no stopping, at the risk of being knocked over and smothered on the spot. More than a hundred couples were revolving in a limited space, on a floor covered with glazed calico. It was a breakneck race which nothing could stop except the giving way of the music. And then to see the rush into the *café*, the frantic efforts of tightly wedged suffocating beings to clutch hold of the tempting tumbler, and still more violent endeavors to carry the same to their partner's lips or their own! And the noise,—commend me to an Irish girl for tongue! And such a charming little taste of the brogue about it too! No mock modesty or tantalizing demureness, but a downright, honest, enjoyable wish to amuse and be amused, which was perfectly irresistible.

I should have been neglectful indeed if I had not, long before, got Maggie's promise for the first, and I don't know how many succeeding dances. Indeed, between Lobley and myself, both she and Mary Cox were pretty nearly engaged for the whole evening. But where was she? I looked in vain for Mrs. Crab's tall figure, the certain sign of her arrival. I half offended my partner by my want of all common attention; but no, the Crab party had not arrived, and it was now near eleven.

I had sundry misgivings, if truth must be told, about the probable results of the evening. It was the first time Maggie had appeared in public. The mess had professed themselves piqued at her indifference to their society. Fullarton especially had declared his fixed intention to cut me out at the first opportunity. He had told me so again as we walked from the barracks. Lobley was watching for her also, but I felt little fear in that quarter; the dinner had had its effect. He wasn't drunk, neither was he sober, but to use a Connemara phrase, he had evidently been *looking at somebody drinking*.

However, here was the dance ended, and my partner gasping for something cooling. There was no help for it but to lead her to the *café*, and do the polite with negus. She was a tall, fine-looking, black-eyed *colleen*, Kathleen M'Carthy by name, and ready for any amount of flirtation with a red-coat. By the time I had fought my way to the negus and got safely back, the band struck up again, Miss M'Carthy was claimed by a black-coat, and carried away, much against her will—so my vanity whispered,—and I returned to the ball-room by myself, to look for Maggie.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE GREEN EYED MONSTER."

"'More haste, worse speed.' Where are you off to in such a hurry?" I turned round and found Dr. Crab at my elbow. "Come out of this crowd, and let's have a quiet glass together," he said, putting his arm in mine. "Tut, man! there are plenty more dances to come. I'm half dead with heat and crushing—fool for ever coming at all—clothes nearly torn off my back! And they call this pleasure—ugh!"

"Yes, but I'm looking—"

"Looking for Maggie, eh? No use, my boy; fifty introductions already. Twisting about with Fullarton; ever so many more to follow—*aides de camp*, and I don't know who. Never mind; come along;" and he dragged me back to the *café*.

"There! first bit of quiet I've had this blessed day.—Waiter, punch, quick, for two!—Broiled all morning—suffocated in dust—house turned upside-down—ran back after mess—dinner undigested—women not ready—car an hour late—Mrs. C. in a rage—driver drunk—ugh!"

And the worthy doctor ended his lamentations in the tumbler.

"And where is Mrs. Crab?" I asked.

"Safe enough for the evening," said the doctor, with a sly wink; "took her into the card-room—set her down to whist—Mrs. O'Hallaghan, Captain Seaton, and the quartermaster—a couple of decanters near them; nothing but supper will move them."

"And Miss Crab?"

"Faith, my boy, she's off my hands too. If she dances till this time to-morrow she'll not please them all. We're only been here about twenty minutes, and, upon my word, half the room have been introduced to her."

Twenty minutes! the very time that I had been dancing and doing the polite to Miss M'Carthy! I wished that young lady far enough.

"I am afraid Miss Crab will think me very rude," I stammered; "she was to have danced her first dance with me, but you see I could not find her, and so—"

"Never mind. She's forgotten all about it, I'll be bound," said the doctor. "Tell you what, Tombs, my boy, take my advice, leave Maggie alone to-night; her head's turned already with staff-officers and dragoons. An ensign will have no chance. There, don't want to hurt you—have some more punch?—Waiter, two more punches!"

I was seriously vexed.

"Oh, of course, if Miss Crab is so much engaged—"

"I knew how it would be, my boy; she's the best-looking girl in the room. Saw the Lord Lieutenant looking at her just now. You and Lobley must be content with having her to yourselves at the 'Crow's Nest.' Give the natives a turn. Heaps of girls here who don't know an ensign from a field-officer."

"I could stand no more, and jumped up with a hasty excuse. As I hurried out of the room I came face to face with Lobley. He was in a towering rage.

"Would you believe it, Tombs?" he said, "Maggie Crab's given me the cold shoulder altogether! I went up to her just now, and she pretended not to see me, and, when I reminded her of her promise for the first waltz, said she was sure I must be mistaken, and walked away with her partner."

Jealousy is proverbially unjust. At any other time I should have remembered that the speaker's appearance went far to warrant the lady's coolness; while, even had she been ever so willing to fulfil her engagement with me, I had not given her a chance of doing so. But I was in angry mood, and ready to put the worst construction on everything.

"I tell you what, Lobley," I said, "I wouldn't speak to her again all the evening. She's an arrant flirt, that's what she is! Don't pay her the compliment of going near her any more."

"And leave the field open for you?" returned Lobley, with a look intending to be extremely knowing; "I dare say!"

"Confound it, man! what do I care whether you go near her or not? You don't suppose it matters to me, do you?"

"I'm not so sure about it," said Lobley, with great gravity. "Clever trick, Tombs, but it won't pay."

"Why, you great ass," I said, provoked beyond all bounds, "you must be stark, staring mad, and fancy everybody as screwed as yourself."

"You shall hear from me, sir, in the morning for this," spluttered Lobley, inarticulate with rage.

"I shall hear *of* you to-night if you take any more wine," I said, pushing past him, as I saw several people looking at us. I had no fancy for a scene, and my friend's voice was getting rather too loud. Fortunately, a stream of flushed and panting dancers came pouring past into the *café*, and I escaped into the ball-room.

Maggie was standing near the door, with a group of officers round her. Fullarton was holding her fan; Major Cadogan of the guards, *aide-de-camp* to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, was bending over her on the other side; Hallett, Delany, and two or three others, were standing in front. A lively conversation was going on, interspersed with frequent bursts of laughter. Just as I came up, Colonel Cox led forward another field-officer. Maggie laughed as she handed him her tablets. "I am afraid it will prove a hopeless search," she said; "I have already had the pain of refusing several applications." The officer said something about putting his name down for a chance dance at the end, bowed, and retired with the colonel. I took advantage of the moment and stepped forward.

"Ah, Mr. Tombs," she said, while Fullarton nodded to me with a meaning smile, and Major Cadogan drew himself up with an air of resignation, implying, "Here's another bore to be dismissed!"

"Ah, Mr. Tombs, you see there's no help for it! My card is full to overflowing."

"I understood there was a promise between us," I said boldly, determined to let her admirers see I was not to be shaken off so easily.

"But I have such a dreadfully short memory, you know."

"Conveniently so," I said, sharply, forgetting where I was in the annoyance of the moment. Maggie colored, the others stared, and Fullarton gave a little laugh. "They are waiting for us to make up the set, Miss Crab," said Major Cadogan, offering his arm. She made a slight inclination of her head as she passed me, and I heard the major say in a condoling tone, "These youngsters are apt to forget themselves after a good dinner. It is too ridiculous an affair to take any notice of."

"Proud, conceited, cold-hearted flirt," I said to myself, as I walked away out of sight and hearing of Fullarton and the rest. "I'll never speak to her again. Hang the ball! I wish I had never come. I declare I'll go back to barracks! No, I won't! I'll just dance away, and flirt with every girl in the room, on purpose to spite her. She shall see how little I care for her nonsense!" With which laudable resolution I plunged again into the crowd, sought out Miss M'Carthy, exerted all my limited powers of small-talk, took her to the *café*, sat with her on one of the sofas in the drawing-room, whirled round with her on the glazed calico until I could scarcely stand or see, and only left her now and again to take a turn with her bosom friend Miss O'Sullivan, who was stout, given to giddiness and perspiration, and who laid hold of, and tore off the bullion of my bran-new epaulettes, in the course of a twenty minutes' polka.

Between these two damsels I was kept pretty well employed, and had small leisure to note how Maggie was getting on. The little I did see, however, was not very consolatory. She was evidently the belle of the room. In a dress of delicate pink, with a cloud of tulle, or some such gossamer-like substance, floating over and about it, looped up here and there with white flowers,—just one white rose in her curly hair,—her features slightly flushed, and her eyes lighted up with excitement, I thought she looked most lovely, and, from the crowd of red-coats who clustered round her between the dances, I fancy all the room agreed with me.

If there had been a crush during the dancing, it was ten times worse at supper. We had unanimously agreed that it should be a sit-down affair, as being the most comfortable; but how to sit down was the question. The tables were filled in a few seconds; every corner was wedged tightly, and once in, there was no escaping out again. If the seven Egyptian years of famine had been at hand, there could scarcely have been a greater stowing away of provisions. As to the waiters, they were useless; every one waited on himself and his partner. Those who were not so fortunate as to get seats at the tables, made havoc of the dishes on the sideboards; "And faith," as I heard one of these outcasts remark, "all the bottles are hid away here, so we've the best of it."

"Here, Alf, my boy!" sang out the doctor, as Miss M'Carthy and I forced our way into the room; "come and join our picnic; there's not a chair to be had, and no room anywhere. I've captured a couple of fowls; Delany's made free with some capital lobster salad, and there's a whole regiment of champagne bottles within reach. Bring the lady with you, and be quick."

The speaker was perched upon the end of a side table, close to one corner of the room, amidst a mass of plates and bottles. Beneath him, and fairly under the table, was Lieutenant Delany, with the lobster salad on the floor between his legs. A number of cloaks and overcoats had been unceremoniously pilfered and thrown down in the corner, forming a sort of divan, on which were seated Singleton and two or three ladies. Room was found for Miss M'Carthy and myself in the centre.

"There!" said the doctor, looking down upon us from his seat above, "now I'll forage for you. Extra mouths, extra food." And he did; no dish passed but the doctor took toll. He handed down legs of fowls, tongue, lamb, pickled salmon, and ducks, with the dexterity of an Indian conjuror, until we were fairly covered with provisions; and when, notwithstanding a vigorous defence with an empty bottle, he was in danger of being overpowered by numbers and ousted from his post, he effected his retreat in the most masterly manner, by sliding down into the vacant space between Delany's legs previously occupied by the salad; reducing himself to our level, as he politely told us.

There we were, provisioned and entrenched behind the backs of chairs, hidden from view, and secure from interruption. Fullarton's eye was not upon us; so, as Singleton observed, we could make up for lost time at dinner. Delany had nothing to do but just put his hand behind him, in order to lay hold of another bottle, and our mirth grew fast and furious. Miss M'Carthy's fair face and neck were tinged a rosy hue; Singleton became openly demonstrative in his attentions to the ladies; Delany volunteered a song, if we could but get silence for a minute; Dr. Crab was extremely jovial; and your humble servant in much better spirits than before. In fact, we were all uncommonly merry.

"What would Fullarton say if he saw this?" said Singleton, uncorking another bottle.

"Talk of an angel, and you'll hear his wings," said a voice above us.

"Or t'other thing," supplemented the doctor. "Never mind, Fullarton, I'm in medical charge here. Must keep up the system."

"I knew there was mischief hatching somewhere," said Fullarton. "Upon my word, it's too bad. If ever I undertake to get up a crew again, write me down ass! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tombs."

"Ought? Well, I'm not," I replied, doggedly.

"Blunt, but scarcely civil," said Fullarton. "Doctor, I'll join your party, if you've no objection."

"Come if you can," said Miss M'Carthy.

"Come if you dare," cried Singleton. "No trainers allowed here; I mean to enjoy myself to-night, regatta or not."

"I can come, and I dare," responded Fullarton, vaulting lightly down into the midst of us, regardless of all remonstrance. "Ladies, your most obedient. Don't disturb yourselves, I can squeeze in anywhere. Doctor, there was a rumor, just now, that a lady had been fainting from want of food in the card-room. I hope it wasn't Mrs. Crab."

"Trust her!" said the doctor, laconically.

"Well, anyhow I don't see her at the supper-table. Allow me to congratulate you on the successful *début* your niece has made. What are you looking so sour about, Tombs?—You've spoilt our two youngsters, doctor. I believe they think no one has a right to look at your niece but themselves."

"Really, Fullarton, if you can't talk more sensibly, I wish you'd stayed away," I said, impatiently.

"I never was clever at finding out riddles," observed Miss M'Carthy.

"No riddle, I assure you; only a little susceptibility of our friend here—"

"This is too bad!" I exclaimed. "Just change the subject, Fullarton, will you?"

This was, of course, the signal for Miss M'Carthy to declare she would not be satisfied till she was told all about it. I believe Fullarton would have gratified her, had it not been for Dr. Crab, who came to my relief, and shut Miss M'Carthy's mouth and Fullarton's together with a glass of champagne.

I was getting in a bad humor again. Fullarton was evidently my "rock ahead." He had only been with us two minutes, and already he had insinuated himself into the good graces of Miss M'Carthy, and that young lady was lavishing upon him all the treasures of her small talk, as if there were no such person in existence as Roslyn Tombs. I was not sorry when supper came to an end, and we were released from our corner.

"Here, Tombs!" said Fullarton, as I was making my way out. "What is the matter with you, man? There's Lobley, who, by-the-way, is three parts drunk, swearing you've grossly insulted him; I really believe you were ready to quarrel with me a little while ago; and you must confess you were anything but civil to Miss Crab."

"How long has Lieutenant Fullarton been Miss Crab's champion, I should like to know?"

"I won't quarrel, so it's no use getting savage. Now, if you'll only be sensible for a minute, I've got some good news for you. Miss Crab commissioned me to find you out, and to say she had left a vacant space for you on her tablets. There's luck for you, my boy! so if you are quick you'll just be in time to catch her before the next dance. They are beginning now."

"I am sorry I can't avail myself of the privilege," I said, coldly. "Miss Crab's confidential messenger will doubtless prove a good substitute."

"And that's the answer I am to take, is it?"

"Say what you like. I don't care."

"Oh, very well," said Fullarton, laughing; "I may say, I suppose, that *Miss Lydia Languish* has another string to her bow," nodding slightly to Miss M'Carthy, who was coming towards us with the doctor; and he walked away, singing,—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

"What a jolly fellow your friend Mr. Fullarton appears to be!" observed Miss M'Carthy.

"Humph!" said I. (TO BE CONTINUED)

GEORGE SAND AS SHE NOW IS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

George Sand no longer occupies her charming *chateau* "Nohant," she has given it to her son Maurice, and now resides in the "*Rue des Feuillantiers*," No. 97; in a quite modern house. Her working-room here is not quite so large as she has been accustomed to, and this seems to annoy her as greatly as would a dress whose arm-holes were too tight. Upon her walls hang some very ordinary pictures, by no means works of the great masters. On the fifth of July, George Sand was sixty-two years old; and it is now forty-four years since she married Baron Dudevant, from whom she has been separated for thirty years. In spite of her age she has still something youthful in her appearance, which she probably owes to her sparkling eyes, and the curls, which but slightly streaked with gray, encircle her brow and temples. She only uses spectacles when writing.

George Sand has a mild, pleasant voice, and expresses herself in conversation with much ease and simplicity. When a visitor calls, the first thing she does is to offer him a cigarette, she lights one herself; and she takes undoubted pleasure in watching the little white clouds of smoke as they curl in the air. During this occupation, conversation assumes a more confidential tone, and this she seems greatly to enjoy, especially if her visitor be an intellectual man without any great pretensions. Was she ever beautiful? There are many diverse portraits of George Sand extant—and the opinions of the writers who knew her in the freshness of her youth, widely differ upon the point. Heinrich Heine has expressed himself most decidedly upon this subject; he beheld in the authoress of "*Consuelo*" a miracle of incomparable beauty, a kind of suffering yet brilliant divinity, who was worthy of all admiration. Now when we view this expressive head, this face whose lineaments are purified by age from the ravages of suffering and passion, and illuminated by the spirit alone, we feel inclined to believe that Heine was right, that he alone judged correctly.

"GARTENLAUBE."

A Quaker Wedding.

A correspondent of the Richmond Despatch, writing from Louden County, Va., gives the following interesting account of a Quaker wedding:

"Much of our population consists of that class known as 'Quakers.' In their mode of worship, manner of dress, and many other customs, they differ from other denominations, but more particularly in the matter of marriages. I attended one of these, by invitation, last Thursday, and will endeavor, as near as I can, to give you an accurate account of the proceedings. The parties proposing matrimony are required to hand in their 'intentions' to a business meeting at least one month before the appointed time for the wedding. This meeting appoints a committee to inquire into the propriety of the match, and report at the next meeting. The report is favorable, if nothing which they consider an obstacle is presented, and the parents or guardian of the young lady give their consent to the union. One peculiarity of marriage among the society is, that, by its rules, the ceremony shall take place during the day; none are ever married after nightfall. [Never heard of such a rule.—*Ed. Post.*]

"In the case of the one of which we are writing, all the preliminaries having been settled, the parties repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where the ceremony was to take place, and found the place well filled, for the circle of acquaintances was very large. The bridegroom is one of our most energetic and enterprising citizens; frank, free and joyous, he is always the life of every party of which he forms a part. The bride is the youngest daughter of one of the oldest and most honored of our citizens. Always bright and beautiful, she was doubly so on this occasion. Dressed all in the purest white, emblematic of her spotless character, with no ornaments save those supplied by nature, she walked in with the bridal party and took the seats prepared for them.

"After a short season of silence, the bride and groom, with their waiters, rise to their feet, and the gentleman, in a clear and distinct voice, repeats the vow which is prescribed in the discipline: 'In the presence of the Lord, and before this assembly, I take L. J. to be my wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until death shall separate us.' [The lady then repeats the same vow.—*Ed. Post.*] This was followed by signing the marriage certificate by the newly married couple, and a large number of those present, nearly one hundred, as witnesses. The marriage ceremony was now completed, this twain have been made one, and the company dispersed over the different rooms to enjoy themselves as best suits their fancy. But as I before said, a committee of older friends is always on hand to see that everything is conducted properly, and in good order. Their presence, however, causes but little restraint on the younger members of the party, for these—old, stale, and solemn as they may appear—are many of them full of fun and pleasure, and enjoy a pastime of this sort as much as those who are younger, and more given to parties, frolics, &c."

☞ "No noose is good news," as the reprieved criminal said.

☞ Loving times these, when every thing is about as dear as it can be.

OLD MUSIC.

Back from the misty realms of time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And hear the melody and the chime
Of olden songs and strains sublime,
Like carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Ripp'ing their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
Some smiles we remember yet;
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The chords that we loved full well
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flower-cups sung,
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue
The words of a witching spell.

Ah, welladay! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast,
And her voice is stilled, and above her fast
Falls the soft summer rain.

A DAY IN THE MOON.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A day in the Moon is equal in duration to a period of twenty-eight of our days.

To us the sublime spectacle of the sunrise is known, that wondrous transformation by which the glories of the night glide into those of the day, when the stars close their hallowed eyes as soon as the coy morning-red dawns upon the eastern horizon, when the flood of light breaks in to overflow the blue vault of Heaven, and when, as climax of the scene, the glorious sun bursts the gates of morning, and steps forth as ruler of the day.

How fearfully different must be the spectacle of a sunrise upon the moon.

No gentle transition from obscurity to light, no imperceptible dissolving of night into day.

From an horizon as dark as a moonless midnight upon our earth the sun slowly ascends—a glaring ball, far more dazzling than earthly eye can picture—gilding the summits of the high mountains which thus illumined look like islands of light in a sea of darkness. Slowly the blazing light is shed over the declivities of the mountains, slowly the dark shadows grow shorter, and at the end of a period of fourteen days the sun has reached its height.

Stars may be seen in the sky even at noonday, but they shine ever with a steady light without twinkling, for this phenomenon is caused by the atmosphere, which the moon does not possess.

For fourteen days the sun sends its scorching rays upon a parched soil which is shaded by no welcome cloud, refreshed by no cooling shower, until it is heated to a temperature equalling boiling water.

Gradually the shadows lengthen, and the sun begins to decline. No purple curtain, however, veils the landscape of the moon, and when the last rays of the departing sun are lost behind the horizon, no peaceful twilight but the shroud of gloomy darkness overspreads with a sudden shock the scene.

Then follows a long night of three hundred and twenty eight hours, and then a coldness sets in that plunges the but now parched surface into a temperature of about three hundred degrees below freezing point. AUDAX FORESTIER.

A Lively Subject for a Story.

There used to be a story current of a perplexing incident in the life of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, which has a certain grim drollery about it. One night on receiving from Jack Ketch a "subject" who had been hanged that morning at Newgate—such hangings and such sellings were very common in those days—he perceived that somehow or other the vital spark was not quite extinct. His professional zeal was instantly aroused; he applied all his skill to the task, and in a short time succeeded to his scientific satisfaction, in restoring the law's victim to his full faculties again. But his satisfaction was somewhat short-lived, for the reanimated felon insisted upon looking to his benefactor for his future subsistence! He argued that, as he had striven to bring him as it were a second time into the world, he must be regarded in *loco parentis!* Hunter, always a nervous man, and by no means convinced that he had not offended grievously against the laws in his little experiment, had no alternative but to comply with the demands of his ungrateful patient, who was by no means modest in his visits. After a time, however, they ceased; but even that brought no comfort to poor Hunter, who lived in perpetual tremor of his tormentor unexpectedly popping upon him. At last he reappeared before him again. One fine evening another Newgate importation was brought to the private door of the dissecting room, and to his intense satisfaction he once more recognized the well remembered features! Hunter used to say, with a grim smile, that "he took speedy care not to give him a second chance."

Getting a Jury.

Thomas H. Benton was travelling through one of the border counties of Missouri, when, hearing that court was in session at a certain point, he concluded to pass that way and give it a call. Passing through forest and brier, he was directed to a "clearing," where a rough frame of a house, without roof, might be seen, surrounded by stumps of trees and supported by splices of sapling. The "judge" was seated on a log, without his coat. Presently the sheriff made his appearance.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "have you got that jury?"

The sheriff, blowing and sweating, replied—

"Got nine of 'em, your honor, out here in the thicket, tied with hickory withes."

"The deuce you have!" roared the judge. "Where is the other three?"

"Ez for them," answered the sheriff, "I've done all I could do—set two dogs and three niggers on their trail, an' I reck'n they'll fetch 'em by-'n-by."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER III.

A DEAD WOMAN'S LETTER.

MULLINSVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS U. S., April 5, 185-.

MY DEAR SISTER—When this letter reaches you, I shall be no more. I write it—with much pain and difficulty—on my death bed; and I shall leave instructions for it to be forwarded as addressed, together with a newspaper containing the announcement of my death, as soon as possible after that event shall have taken place. The painful malady from which I have been more or less a sufferer during the last dozen years, has struck me down at last. But it was not to write of my own sufferings that I began this letter, but to perform an act of justice—of reparation—which may no longer be delayed. The confession I have to make is a painful one, inasmuch as he who began the deception which I am about to reveal was one whom, in spite of all his faults, I loved—my husband; a deception which I have unwillingly been obliged to keep up; and I charge you to make known the contents of this letter to Lady S—— without delay, as what I have to put down here concerns her more nearly than it does any one else.

I need not detail the circumstances which induced Jeremiah and me to leave England, seeing that they are as well known to you as they are to myself, and that you were as deeply implicated in the affair which led to our departure as any one. You are aware that on our arrival in this country we took up our residence in one of the western states, at that time but thinly populated, and at no great distance from the Indian frontier. Here my husband began to practice as a surgeon, and here we continued to live for seven years. But Jeremiah gambled and drank, and we were obliged at last to seek another home in a place where we were unknown. An opening having offered itself in a small town in the state of New York, we proceeded thither; and there we remained for ten years, leading a miserable existence, for Jeremiah's old weaknesses increased upon him, and one by one his few American friends were alienated. I do not write this as imputing blame to the dead, but simply because a plain statement of the truth is now necessary. Our next move was to the spot from which I write this letter, and where my husband died two years after our arrival. I had three dollars in the house the day he died, and owed three hundred in debts; for all the money that had been sent us was gone—who can say whither? Jeremiah himself could not have told. Every remittance, as it came to hand, was required to meet debts that never seemed to decrease. The thought that I should be left destitute preyed heavily on my husband's mind as he lay dying, and he bound me by a solemn promise not to reveal, till after my own death, the deception that had been practised by him for so many years. This he did in order that the income derived from a certain source might be continued to me, and that I might thus be enabled to live in comfort after his decease. That promise has weighed heavily on my conscience ever since it was made, but I have not felt myself justified in breaking it. Since my husband's death, I have lived on the proceeds of my needle, and the sums remitted to me lie untouched at the bank; and I have taken steps for having the total amount forwarded to you after my death, for repayment to the sender.

According to the arrangement made before leaving England, my husband was to write to a certain person, through you, three times every year. This portion of the agreement was faithfully carried out by Jeremiah as long as he lived, and by me after his death; and once in every four months a statement was sent you, embracing such particulars concerning the Boy as it was thought you might feel interested in knowing.

The whole of those statements for the last eleven years were false in every particular.

Let me briefly recapitulate their contents. Up to the time that the boy was nine years old, the reports sent you were simple statements of facts. You were duly informed of our safe arrival in the country, and our settlement at Willsburgh; you had ample particulars sent you respecting the child—his health, his stubborn temper, and the progress he was making at school; and every letter gave you the assurance that the recollections of his former life were gradually dying out of his memory, and that with the progress of time the Secret was becoming less difficult to keep. This went on till he was nine years old, but after that time the reports sent you were purely fictitious. You were led to believe that the boy, after remaining at school till he was fifteen years old, was put as assistant into a store, where he stayed till he was quite a young man; but that, growing tired of this life after a time, he joined an exploring expedition that was being formed to search for a new pass across the Rocky Mountains, and that he was never heard of afterwards.

Long before the boy was nine years old, my husband began to chafe under the burden that was laid upon him, well paid for the duty though he was. There were various reasons why this should be so. In the first place, Jeremiah was, in reality, a man of timid disposition, despite the daring scheme which, under the influence of a strong temptation, he had so successfully carried out; and so long as the lad continued to live with us, he trembled lest some untoward accident should bring the deed he had done home to him—exposure before the eyes of the world being what he dreaded beyond everything. Then, the lad's temper was most stubborn and obstinate; and, despite all the efforts of Jeremiah and myself, he persistently refused to address us as "Uncle" and "Aunt" (the degree of relationship decided upon before we left England,) but would stamp his foot, and turn white with passion, when urged on the point; nay, he would cry that we were no relations of his, but his enemies, who had stolen him away from his beautiful home across the sea; and that when he should grow to be a man, he would have us put in prison for it. As the lad grew older, there was no lack of busybodies in the little town to pick up his words, and try to patch them up into a case against Jeremiah. But the boy remembered so little of his former life, and the evidence against us was so weak, that, for my own part, I think we might have defied it with impunity; and that if Jeremiah would have given up insisting upon the relationship, the lad would have gradually tamed down, and have settled by degrees into the trammels of his new life, and little by little have forgotten all that his memory retained of old days, till his recollection of that time became an utter blank. But Jeremiah was too nervous and faint-hearted to carry out such a scheme; and he hit on another plan, after a time, which would at once relieve him of the boy, and still enable him to draw the extra amount allowed for his maintenance and education.

My husband gave out among his friends in the little town, that the lad's relations had sent word for him to be sent back home to England, and that he was going to take him back to New York, and see him safely on board ship; and one wintry morning, he and the boy set off on their journey. My mind misgave me, I knew not why; and all the time Jeremiah was away, I could do nothing but wait, and listen, and weep to think of the poor lad's unhappy fate. I had grown to like him, far better than I knew of, till I lost him for ever. He was so handsome, so generous, so brave, that it was impossible to help loving him. Let me say this much now in defence of his memory—poor, ill-fated child!

At the end of a week, my husband came back alone. I demanded to know what had become of the boy. He refused to tell me. "You have murdered him!" I exclaimed, struck with a sudden fear. "Not quite so bad as that, old girl," he said with a laugh. "I have not put the young imp out of the world, but only got rid of him; take my word for that. Believe me, once for all, when I tell you that he is quite well and hearty; but further than that you will never know, so you needn't bother more about it." And he kept his word. I did not know then, I do not know now, what was the fate of the boy. When my husband lay dying, I questioned him on the point, but even then he refused to tell me. "I did not hurt a hair of his head;" he said; "but what became of him, I will never tell to anybody." And so he died.

I wish to palliate nothing. I say again, that the object of Jeremiah Kreefe in acting as he did was to get rid of all danger of having his misdeeds brought home to him, and, at the same time, to receive the double allowance from Lady S——. But I must do his memory one piece of justice, which you will not fail to represent to Lady S——, when you lay this statement before her. However much he might forget himself in some things—however recklessly he might ruin his worldly prospects—however foolishly he might dissipate the sums sent him from a certain quarter, he never, by word, deed, or look, gave intimation to the world of the dark secret that lay like a dread shadow on his mind. In so far as that goes, he carried out with the strictest honor his part of the compact. Let Lady S—— be further assured that I, too, shall die with my finger on my lips. Her secret is safe with me, even at this dark hour. *It will never be brought to light.*

You now know the truth, as far as my knowledge goes, respecting the fate of poor Master—What was I going to write? It is, indeed, time to conclude, for brain and hand are growing feeble alike. Let me again sit down, while my mind is clear on the point, that I know absolutely nothing of the poor child's fate from the day my husband took him away, at which time he was just turned nine years of age.

And now farewell. Present my dutiful respects to Lady S——. I trust that she is well and happy. It may be, Martha, that you and I shall meet again. To Infinite Mercy, nothing is impossible. Till that time shall come, dear sister adieu. Affectionately yours,

BARBARA KREEFE.

The two women sat in silence for a minute or two after Martha Winch had finished reading the letter.

"Poor Barbara!" said Lady Spencelaugh at last; "I am sorry that she is gone; and yet, Martha, I cannot help experiencing a feeling of relief that you and I are now the sole living depositaries of that ugly business. Poor Barbara! she was faithful to the last; so, for that matter, was Jeremiah also, while deceiving me so wretchedly in other things. I would much rather have paid him double the money, and have known the truth. I wonder what he did with the boy. But my rendering myself miserable on that point, would do no good to any one. I daresay the young man is well and happy, and filling some inferior position in life to the satisfaction of himself and all around him. I am sure that my best wishes are with him wherever he may be. You will but the letter of course," said Lady Spencelaugh after another pause.

Martha nodded assent, deliberately proceeded to refold the letter and newspaper, and place them in her reticule, and then rose to take her leave.

"By-the-by, Martha," said her Ladyship, arresting the widow with a motion of her fan, "I trust that you have thought over what I said when I saw you last, and have given that odious person his *congé*?"

"I have not, as yet, given him any decisive answer, my Lady."

"You have not! What am I understand by that? You surely do not contemplate making yourself ridiculous at your time of life."

The widow's thin face flushed, more in shame than anger.

"Oh, my Lady, your words are very hard!" she said, turning appealingly to Lady Spencelaugh.

"I certainly gave you credit for more sense, Martha Winch," said her Ladyship, as she rose from her seat, and began to pace excitedly about the room. "I tell you again, as I have told you before, that it is for your money alone that this man is seeking you. The scheme is preposterous; and once more I repeat that, from the day you are married, the secret will be ours no longer."

"Oh, my Lady, cannot you trust me after all these years?" protested the widow. "I was a wife for twelve years, and when my husband died, he died in ignorance of the hidden bond existing between your Ladyship and myself; and could you not trust me again?"

"But cannot you see, simpleton," responded Lady Spencelaugh, "that this Brackenridge is an altogether different sort of man from honest, simple-minded Job Winch, who cared for nothing so long as the little hoard at his banker's kept increasing from year to year? This man will force the secret from you, whether you are willing or no, and trade on it afterwards for his own purposes."

"The man is not born that will force it from me against my will," said the widow with energy. "I may like Mr. Brackenridge—nay, I do like him, and may as well confess as much at once; but your interests, Lady Spencelaugh, have always been, and will continue to be, paramount with me. If the telling of what I know were the price of my marriage with him, I would sacrifice him twenty, ay, a hundred times over, rather than give utterance to a word that could by any possibility compromise your Ladyship. In this thing, pray have faith in me."

"I have every faith in your good intentions," said her Ladyship. "You have been the truest friend, Martha, that ever woman had; but you have never been tried as you will be tried if you marry this man. I tremble when I think that there is even the faintest possibility of the secret becoming known to him. But leave me now; I am unequal to further conversation. Come up to Belair this day-week, and we will discuss the matter again. Ah! how I wish that man had never made his appearance in Normanford!" Lady Spencelaugh sighed wearily, and her arms fell dejectedly by her side: she looked for the moment ten years older than she had done half an hour before.

Mrs. Winch drew on her gloves.

"Has your Ladyship heard lately from Mr. Gaston?" she asked. She knew that Lady Spencelaugh would brighten up at the mention of that name.

"Ah, yes, Martha; I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I had a long letter from the dear fellow yesterday. He seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly in Paris. But I feel it hard that I do not see him oftener. We shall scarcely have him at Belair before Christmas; but when he does come, I hope he won't leave us again till after his birthday. Such a day as I mean that to be at Belair, Martha!" There was a glad smile on the mother's face as she said these words, and while the brightness still lingered, Mrs. Winch kissed Lady Spencelaugh's hand respectfully, and took her leave.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY SPENCELAUGH'S HIDING-PLACE.

"No thanks, my dear boy," said Sir Philip Spencelaugh, as he shook Mr. Duplessis warmly by the hand. "I confess that I know no one to whom I would intrust my darling sooner than I would to yourself. And now go and inform Lady Spencelaugh of your good fortune. She will be pleased to hear of it, for you are a great favorite with my wife. Don't forget that you dine with us to-morrow;" and after another hearty shake of the hand, the baronet turned and left Mr. Duplessis standing alone on the terrace, where the two had been walking and talking for the last half hour.

Mr. Duplessis paused for a moment after he was left alone, a bright, confident smile lighting up his handsome face. "At last!" he murmured to himself. "The prize for which I have so patiently labored is coming slowly within my grasp. I shall win it and wear as my own before the world. Beautiful Frederica! you do not love me yet, but you shall learn to do so before long, unless my tongue has lost its cunning!" He turned off the terrace, and walked musingly through the shrubbery towards the side-entrance on his way to Lady Spencelaugh's apartments. Mrs. Winch was just climbing into her chaise as he turned the corner of the house. Halting behind a screen of laurels, he saw the widow take her seat beside Jerry, resume the reins and the whip, and then drive off at a rapid pace down the park. "Why does that woman come here so often to see my Lady?" he said to himself as he emerged from his hiding place. "What can be the nature of the bond that exists between the exclusive Lady Spencelaugh and this commonplace landlady of a country tavern? This is one of those cases where my little Clotilde may prove a useful ally. There may be nothing in it, or there may be much."

A tall, thin, handsome man of eight-and-thirty, this Monsieur Henri Duplessis; with a low broad forehead, aquiline nose, and long drooping tawny moustache; with an ever-ready smile, which displayed to advantage his large white regular teeth; with accurately arched eyebrows, educated to express much either for or against a proposition—an advantage to an economist of words; and having an undoubted air of fashion and distinction. By birth a Canadian, but descended from an old French family, he could boast a pedigree that would bear the most critical investigation.

Yes, my Lady would see Mr. Duplessis—(he was rarely called "Monsieur" at Normanford or Belair)—so said Mr. Plush; and preceded by that functionary, the Canadian was ushered into the sitting-room of Lady Spencelaugh. Mademoiselle Clotilde was in the anteroom, busily engaged with her embroidery, as Mr. Duplessis passed through, and a meaning look shot from the eyes of the latter, which the French girl was not slow to understand.

"You must lay the blame of my intrusion on on Sir Philip, my dear Lady Spencelaugh," said Mr. Duplessis as he bent respectfully over her Ladyship's hand. "He insisted on my coming to communicate a certain piece of intelligence, which he was kind enough to say he was certain you would be pleased to hear!"

"Pray, make no apology," said Lady Spencelaugh in her most cordial manner. "You are among the few friends, Mr. Duplessis, to whom I am always at home.—You are admiring those roses? Yes, they are certainly very fine. But Jennings always succeeds better with his flowers than his fruit.—And now for this news of yours. I suppose I ought not to say that I am dying to hear it; but in a dull place like Belair, where news of any kind is a rarity, the expression would be almost excusable."

Her Ladyship was sitting on a *causeuse*, cutting the pages of a magazine as she spoke. Mr. Duplessis had not sat down, but was still bending over the stand of roses on the table. When he spoke, it was in a low clear voice, in which, however, there was a ring of triumph, which Lady Spencelaugh did not fail to detect.

"My news is this, that, thanks to the kind offices of Sir Philip, Miss Spencelaugh has agreed to look more favorably on my suit than she has hitherto done; that she has, in fact, consented to give me time and opportunity to plead my cause in person."

"So that all there is now left for you to do is to go in and win the race," said my Lady. "Well, I heartily wish you every success; but I warn you that you have still some awkward running before you. However, my best wishes, and any little assistance I can render, are sincerely yours. Frederica and I have hardly been such good friends as we ought perhaps to have been, though where the fault lay, I am sure it would be difficult to tell. But I will say this in her favor, that if you succeed in winning her, you may consider yourself a happy man. Whatever little faults of temper or disposition Frederica may have, are as nothing when weighed in the scale with her youth, her goodness, and her beauty."

Now, in all this Lady Spencelaugh was quite sincere, for despite the polite feud, of many years' standing, which existed between herself and Frederica, she still wished well to the latter in a general, indefinite sort of way—for Miss Spencelaugh was far too rich and important a member of the family to be ignored outright; Mr. Duplessis, too, having the good-fortune to be a great favorite with her Ladyship, and Sir Philip having so evidently set his heart on the match, and it being desirable that Frederica should quit Belair before Gaston should bring home a bride, and her Ladyship having an inherent weakness for anything that smacked of match-making: all these reasons, I say, combined, induced the baronet's wife to yield gracefully to the force of circumstances, and to make a merit of giving her aid to a scheme, to oppose which would have been both bad policy and labor in vain. "If Gaston were only a year or two older!" she would sometimes murmur to herself—he was but twenty-one, whereas Miss Spencelaugh was four years his senior. "If the disparity between their ages were not quite so great, they might perhaps have come together of their own accord; and with her fortune and his own, and the baronetcy at no very distant date, what might not my boy have aspired to!" These, however, were but vain day-dreams, as no one knew better than Lady Spencelaugh herself, and she put them from her with a resolute hand.

Mr. Duplessis, in a few appropriate phrases, expressed his gratitude for her Ladyship's kindness, and then went on to say that there was one feature of the case which he felt some diffidence in mentioning, and which yet he could not pass over entirely. He would say at once that the point in question was neither more nor less than the great disparity of fortune between Miss Spencelaugh and himself; a disparity which, among many people, might lay him open to the imputation of fortune-hunting. It mattered little, he added, what the outside world might say or think in the matter; but he did hope that her Ladyship would believe in the sincerity of his affection for Miss Spencelaugh, and not attribute his suit to a merely mercenary motive.

"Yes, Frederica is certainly very well off," replied Lady Spencelaugh, musingly, without heeding the latter portion of the Canadian's little speech. "It would have been better for her, of course, in one sense, to have married a man of means equal to her own. But Frederica's opinions are very peculiar and independent, and as she is entirely her own mistress, she must please herself in this matter as in others. She has already declined several most eligible offers, and I believe that money and rank go for so little with her, that she would wed a pauper out of the streets, if he only took her fancy in other respects. Absurd, of course, but a fact nevertheless."

Then there was a little pause, during which Lady Spencelaugh turned over the leaves of her magazine in an absent sort of way. The conversation was beginning to trench on dangerous ground, and Mr. Duplessis felt that a change of subject was desirable.

"By-the-way," he said, as if suddenly inspired, "I had nearly forgotten to ask whether your new *femme* is likely to prove more serviceable than your last one."

"Clotilde suits me very well indeed," replied Lady Spencelaugh. "She is docile and good-tempered, and remarkably clever with her needle; in fact, I have had no one at all comparable to her since Wilkins left me three years ago; and I am really much obliged to you for the trouble you must have been at to procure me such a treasure."

"The trouble is not worth mentioning, Lady Spencelaugh. I am glad to find that Clotilde suits you."

"French girls are generally so unequal; but, so far, your protégée seems an exception to the rule," said my Lady.—"You are, I believe, somewhat of a connoisseur in precious stones, Mr. Duplessis. Examine this emerald, and then tell me what you think of it."

Lady Spencelaugh opened a small satin-wood casket as she spoke, lined with white silk, in the midst of which gleamed an unset emerald of remarkable size and brilliancy. Mr. Duplessis took it out of its resting-place, and examined it in silence for several moments.

"Except among the crown jewels, I have not seen a finer stone than this for many years," he said at last. "It must be worth a little fortune."

"It cost something very considerable, certainly," said her Ladyship with a smile. "I have a liking—a weakness many people would call it—for precious stones, as I daresay you are already aware. My collection of diamonds and rubies has, I think, been seen by you more than once."

"Your Ladyship has so far favored me," answered the Canadian. "Well, if the hoarding of gems be a weakness, it is at least one that has been shared by many royal and distinguished personages, especially where the fear of some future 'rainy day' has haunted their minds.

The Canadian glanced up at Lady Spencelaugh's face as he spoke, and he was startled to see how suddenly it blanched at his words, and what a dark troubled meaning shone for a moment out of her eyes. "Does she fear that the future holds some 'rainy day' in store for her?" he asked himself, and then fell to examining the emerald again.

Lady Spencelaugh recovered herself instantly.

"That may be," she said with a little harsh laugh; "but I do not mean to abdicate *my* throne at Belair, till I leave it for the family vault."

She shuddered as she spoke. Was it because of the natural dread which human weakness feels at the contemplation of the last great change? or did it arise from some terrible recollection known to herself alone?

"Such treasures as this should be kept in safe custody," observed Mr. Duplessis. "I hope that your Ladyship's collection is in good keeping."

"In the best of all keeping, Mr. Duplessis—in my own."

"Do I understand your Ladyship to own that all the valuable gems which I know you to possess, are kept about you personally—that is to say, in your own apartments, and not intrusted to the custody of your banker?"

"That is precisely what I wished to convey. I have a secure place of deposit in my own apartments—a hiding-place discovered by me, and known to myself alone; not even Sir Philip is aware of its locality; where I keep all my little treasures of gems and jewelry, and where they are hidden from every eye save my own. If I kept them at my banker's, I could not see them so often as I might wish to do. They are quite as secure where they are, and ready to my hand at any moment. This hoarding of precious stones is my hobby, Mr. Duplessis; and you must not laugh at an old woman for the indulgence of her whims. It is not, perhaps, quite so sensible as putting one's spare cash into a bank; or buying scrip with it, and getting a good percentage; but so long as I please myself, it is a matter of small consequence to others, and Sir Philip is good enough never to interfere in such trifles. The gems will be there for Gaston after I shall be gone; and when they are his

own, he can either sell them, or have them set for his wife. I am glad you like the emerald; the color seems to me particularly deep and brilliant."

The emerald was put back into its resting-place, and the tiny casket deposited by Lady Spencelaugh in her *sachet*. Her Ladyship's detail had been listened to by Mr. Duplessis with much attention.

"I need hardly say," resumed Lady Spencelaugh, "that what you have just heard has been told you in the strictest confidence. It would never do for it to be generally known that the mistress of Belair has such valuables concealed about her apartments. There are plenty of bad characters in the neighborhood, who would think little of murdering me for the chance of obtaining such a treasure."

"I give you my word of honor," said Mr. Duplessis, earnestly, "that no syllable of what your Ladyship has said shall ever pass my lips to any one." After a little airy gossip, just dashed with a piquant spice of scandal, touching their common friends and acquaintances, Mr. Duplessis took his leave. He found Mademoiselle still busily at work in the anteroom. She rose as he entered, and putting her finger on her lips, signed to him to follow. There were no prying eyes about, and they reached Clotilde's own little sitting-room without being seen.

"Your eyes ask me a question that I hasten to answer," said Mr. Duplessis, playfully pinching the girl's ear. "Antoine is quite well, and if he did not send his love, it was simply because he did not know that I was coming to Belair."

The Canadian spoke in French, and the girl answered him in the same language.

"Ingrate that he is!" said Clotilde, passionately. "I wrote to him two, three weeks ago, and he has never yet answered my letter. Speak of him no more, Monsieur; I tear him out of the heart which he has wounded so cruelly. Let him marry that English miss, with the yellow hair and the cat's eyes—for me, I care not! —Will Monsieur say why he wants me this morning?"

"In one moment, Monsieur will say. But I tell thee, little one, that Antoine does love thee, and that all in good time thou shalt become his wife. He cares nothing for the English miss; thou alone hast his heart. So get that tigress look out of thine eyes; and when the letters come to Belair to-morrow, see whether there be not among them a billet for thee in a writing that thou knowest."

The girl tossed her head disdainfully, but she could not keep back the glad smile that crept over her face as the Canadian spoke.

"And now tell me," resumed Mr. Duplessis after a pause, "how go affairs at Belair?"

"We are all very good, but, oh! so terribly dull," said the French girl with a little shrug and a half-suppressed yawn. "There is absolutely nothing to tell. Madame eats, and sleeps, and reads, and drives out, and has her little fits of *migraine*, and all is told as far as she is concerned. Of Mademoiselle, I see scarcely anything. She and Madame seldom meet till dinner-time; between them there is no cordiality. Mademoiselle has a *triste* and weary look in her eyes—a look, my faith! which I know well, and for which there is but one remedy."

"And what is that, Clotilde?"

"That I must leave Monsieur to discover for himself," said the French girl archly.

"As for the doings of that poor dear Sir Pellip, Monsieur knows as much or more of them than I do. But Monsieur does not know how dull it is for a poor French girl to live here, who was born in Paris, and has seen the world."

"Patience, little one! Antoine must cure all that. But see now: this morning there was with my Lady a woman whom I want thee to watch—Mrs. Winch of Normanford. Ah, I see by thine eyes that she is not unknown to thee."

"My faith, no!" said Clotilde viciously.

"Well, watch and listen every time she comes here. Try to ascertain why she comes, and what Lady Spencelaugh and she have to talk about."

"I had my eyes and ears open to-day when she came," said the French girl; "but she locked the door, and drew the curtain before it, and closed the window. She is very cunning, that Madame Winch."

"Such precautions merely serve to confirm my suspicions that there is some secret bond between Lady Spencelaugh and herself. Be quiet and watchful, next time she comes to Belair, and, above all things, try to propitiate her. Never turn any one into an enemy, my child, whom it is possible to gain for a friend. And now go, and leave me here alone for ten minutes. I have some papers that I wish to look quietly over. I will punch the head of that pig of an Antoine if he does not write thee a long letter this very night."

As soon as Mr. Duplessis found himself alone, he drew from an inner pocket of his coat a flatly-folded sheet of parchment, yellow and mildewed with age and damp, which he proceeded to spread out on the table before him. "I little thought," he murmured to himself, "when I took down that old moth-eaten copy of the *Essays of Michel Seigneur de Montaigne* from its shelf in the library the other day, that I should find such a treasure as this between the leaves."

The treasure thus found and appropriated by the Canadian was endorsed, *Private Plan of Belair House, drawne for ye particular service of Sir Richard Spencelaigh, Bart., by his faithfull and devoted Servant, Jonathan Bindlom. Augt., 1690.*

Mr. Duplessis was puzzled for some time to reconcile the discrepancies between the house according to the plan and the house as he knew it, a great part of Belair having, in fact, been altered and modernised, and some portions entirely rebuilt. But the east wing had been left unaltered, and in that wing were situate the apartments of Lady Spencelaugh; and the Canadian's knowledge of the position of the different apartments soon enabled him to lay his finger on the suite now occupied by her Ladyship; and his eye following his finger as he traced the different rooms one after another, halted at last at the one now used as a dressing-room, attracted by two words written in a very minute but clear hand. Those two words were *Secret Closet*, and the face of Mr. Duplessis flushed as he read them. A star in the margin drew his attention to a foot-note, where he read as follows:

To open the Secret Closet, presse gently the fifth marble button from the top on the left hand side of the mantel shelf, and at the same time turn thrice to the left the small brass knob which will be found hidden behind the central scroll work.

"That must be the place where Lady Spencelaugh hides her jewels and precious stones," murmured Mr. Duplessis below his breath; "a piece of knowledge which, in the case of certain eventualities, may prove of service to me. Should all go well, and my marriage with Dona Frederica duly take place, I shall be in a position to dispense with this information; in that case, I shall reform, and live strictly on the square. But should the worst come to the worst, why, then, I may be compelled to make use of it. A sad alternative indeed, but if society permits a gentleman to starve, he must revenge himself on society as best he can. Lady Spencelaugh little dreams by what a simple accident her secret has become known to me. But that emerald I my mouth positively waters when I think of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Age of Shams.

We have not a shadow of doubt that this is a fast age and a great country, and that we Americans are an immense people. In conversation with a practical chemist, the other day, we were told that during two years he had made over two hundred inspections of various kinds of liquors, and had found nine-tenths of them mere imitations, and a great portion poisonous concoctions. Of brandy, he does not believe there is in large cities one gallon of pure spirits in a hundred gallons. Malaga, etc., is made of water, sulphuric acid, etc., and many liquors are without a single drop of alcoholic spirit. As a general thing whiskey contains only from seventeen to twenty per cent. of alcoholic spirit, when it should have from forty-five to fifty; and some of it contains sulphuric acid enough in a quart to eat a hole clear through a man's stomach! It was Byron, we believe, who said

"The tree of knowledge is not that of life;
They who know the most must mourn the deepest
O'er the fatal truth."

Byron might have meant a great deal more than we know of, but if he had lived until now he might, and no doubt would, have made the expression a little stronger—if he could. There is no denying that we are living in an age of shams, and that humbug and cheatery have become polite arts. There is positively nothing that is really what it appears to be upon its face. We have bogus religion, bogus politicians, bogus patriots, bogus lawyers, bogus authors and doctors—everything sham, from mock auctioneers to sensation preachers and political acrobats. The ladies, in all the splendor of silks, cotton, whalebone, "tilters," "plumpers," "waterfalls" and paint, are—confounded no such things! The doctor who has been himself called out of two or three different churches on the same day, or the lawyer who rushes to and fro with an immense green bag stuffed with old newspapers, are only personified expressions of adulteration—all lies and deception! Prussic acid whiskey, logwood claret, wax buttons, paper collars and chalk milk—are all practical bouncers. As Black Hawk said, when upon seizing a soldier, with intent to scalp him, his wig came off, "it was a big lie!" Just so in this age of progress—everything is a whopper! We have gone on improving things until at last we have no more idea what we eat and drink than if we lived in a Chinese restaurant. Even horses look reproachfully at bologna dealers, and in the sausage season we are positively ashamed to look a dog in the face!

☞ President Johnson, since April 15, 1865, has issued 12,381 political, and 161 criminal pardons.

☞ Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, now in London, are to be married soon.

☞ The world stands by every old lie till it is found untenable, and opposes every new truth till it proves irresistible.

☞ The late Parisian bonnets are described as a ribbon round the head with a veil attached to it.

☞ A melon rind upon the sidewalk caused the death of a lady in Norfolk. A good Christian always kicks such things into the gutter.

☞ As a practical joke, a petition, numerously signed, was addressed to a boarder at one of the hotels in Saratoga—a hard water-drinker—requesting him to leave, as he was exhausting the spring. His capacity is prodigious.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;
And the heavy ev'ning gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky.

Now the countless busy feet,
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;
But the step that linger'd nightly,
And the hand that rapped so lightly,
And the face that beam'd so brightly, comes no more.

☞ The French Academy has given as the subject of its prize poem, for the next year, "The death of President Lincoln."

☞ A Fortunate Soldier.—The Dantzic Gazette says that there is a soldier now in that town who was engaged in the battle of Langensalz, where he received eight shots, none of which did him any injury. Three of these passed through his coat-tails, one knocked off his epaulette, another his cap, another made a hole in his trowsers, and one knocked off a piece of nail.

☞ Pure white marble of the best quality has been found in the marble beds of the Menominee River, Wis., where an inexhaustible quantity is said to be situated.

☞ Some practical individual has ascertained by mathematical investigation, that if the entire corn crop of Illinois for 1865 were made into Johnny cake, it would put a cake into the hands of every soul on the globe, large enough to feed the planet for two days.

☞ A lady was out walking in Syracuse, N. Y., accompanied by her servant, who was drawing an infant in one of the little carriages made for that purpose, when, unnoticed by mother or servant, the child fell out upon the walk. The couple passed along and had gone some distance from the baby, when they were accosted by a gentleman who had witnessed the whole transaction with, "Madame, you've dropped something," at the same time pointing to the infant on the walk in the distance. The sequel can be imagined.

☞ Rain.—In these times, when all other signs and incantations fail, says an exchange, if you want to have it rain, all you have to do is to appoint a day for going out to the woods on a picnic. When the preparations are all made, the teams engaged, the pretty partners selected and the morning arrives, if it isn't raining, pouring down a deluge, you may look out for earthquakes.

A Grand Swindle.

The schemes resorted to to victimize the unsuspecting are numerous, but the latest of all has just come to light. It found its origin in New York, where swindling is carried on to a great extent, of course. Many of our citizens have received a communication which reads as follows:—

Depository of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' United States Stock Company, No. 556 Broadway, J. J. Granger, Corresponding Secretary.—New York, Aug. 13, 1866.—Dear Sir:—The tickets you ordered were sent by mail. They were awarded a prize valued by the company at one hundred and fifty dollars ($150). Please remit five dollars, amount due for tickets, and the prize will be sent by express.

Yours, respectfully,
J. D. MILLER, President.

Such a communication was received by E. K. Tryon, one of our Philadelphia detectives. That gentleman had been informed of such a paper being circulated throughout the city, and having heard parties inquiring about the matter at the Central Police Station, concluded to investigate the subject, and in order to do so he replied to the communication received by him, requesting the prize to be sent to his address, and on receipt of which he would pay the money. Mr. Tryon had at once formed his opinion as to the object of the letter, but in order to expose the scheme and put our citizens on their guard he answered the communication. In reply to his letter he received the following:—

Aug. 15, 1866—Dear Sir:—Your package will be sent to-morrow by Adams Express; cost $6; the extra dollar for return charges.

Yours, J. J. GRANGER, Cor. Sec.

Detective Tryon called at the Express Office, and received a package, for which he paid $6. The back of the envelope contained the words, "said to contain $150."

It was done up the same as any other money package. On its being opened it contained a certificate of stock of the Sandy River Petroleum Company, entitling the holder to one hundred and fifty shares, at one dollar per share. The capital stock of the concern was represented at $1,000,000. The worthless certificate was indifferently engraved, and on very poor paper. It was numbered 1147, and, by appearance, one is led to believe that the paper was gotten up expressly for swindling purposes. Accompanying the certificate was the following:—

Aug. 16th, 1866.—Sir:—Inclosed find prize as per previous advices.

J. J. GRANGER, Secretary.

A number of our citizens have been victimized, and it is but proper that the scheme should be exposed. Detective Tryon intends to make further inquiries into the matter. Our citizens should hesitate about answering such communications, and thus prevent themselves from being made victims of.—*Philada. Inquirer.*

An Ancient Revolver.

In the historical collection of Dresden is an object of great interest—a perfect revolving pistol, more than two hundred years old; no antiquated, half-made, rough, rudimentary affair, but as thoroughly finished a pistol as were the Toledo and Damascus blades of older date. It is of the same size as a Colt's revolver, and not only were the revolving barrels of precisely the same structure, size and shape, but they were six in number. The only point of inferiority was that in this there is no spring to bring up the next barrel when one is fired. It must be done with the hand. Col. Colt was shown the pistol when in Europe, shortly before his death. His face was very expressive when he saw his own invention applied more than two centuries since. Of course the lock was flint, and yet, being a revolving lock, it was packed away in very small space, and the whole aspect of the pistol was as neat and attractive as any modern revolver. There is also another firearm still more interesting. It is a Whitworth gun, perfect in every respect excepting that the bore is square instead of six-sided. Truly there is nothing new under the sun!

Muscular Christianity.

Recently new news has been promulgated from the Royal Institution, London, respecting the waste of vital energy, and the kinds of food best adapted to supply it. The opinion has been generally entertained that the development of muscular power is accompanied by the waste of a corresponding quantity of muscle, which can only be supplied by nitrogenous food, such as the lean portions of animal matter and that vegetable products and fat only serve to maintain the body. But a professor of the above-named college has gone over to the side of the German philosophers and turned vegetarian. Lately the German professors went to the top of a mountain 6,500 feet above water-level for an experiment. They wanted to ascertain the quantity of muscle that was actually consumed on ascending to the top, compared with the quantity consumed during the same number of hours when at rest, and the quantity was found to be so small that the power exerted could not have been derived from the muscular tissues.

Similar investigations applied to men working on a tread-mill, were attended with similar results, and these were compared with the development of muscular force by artillerymen during "shot-drill," who were supplied only with vegetable food; the latter having exerted an amount of power fully equal to the former. The facts being ascertained that an equal quantity of muscle is consumed when the body is at rest as when it is in great activity, and that men living only on vegetables can do quite as much work as those who have a large share of animal food, the conclusion seemed inevitable that the muscular power could not be derived principally from the consumption of the muscles.

The question then recurs, whence, then, comes our vital energy? We must turn again to the indefatigable students of Germany for a solution of this question. The quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs was next referred to as an indication of the amount of power exerted, and that was found to closely correspond; the volume of carbonic acid increasing in proportion to the work done. This fact seemed to point to the source whence muscular power is derived, and is depends on the combustion of carbon in the blood, and not on the combustion of the animal tissue.

As heat is convertible into mechanical force, it was assumed that the kind of food which during its slow combustion in the body produces the most heat must also be capable of developing the greatest amount of muscular power. This fact determined, we have laid the groundwork of a new dietetic system, which thoroughly adhered to, will insure us all against consumption, weakness, and other ills that come from want of vital energy. Heat is life and power—that is the substance of the conclusion arrived at. So that butter, oils—cod-liver oil in particular—cheese, arrow-root, flour, potatoes, and other substances abounding in carbon and hydrogen, produce more muscular energy than lean beef, mutton, and other nitrogenous food.

Extraordinary Statistics.

The following singular statistics of the graduating class at Waterville College, are taken from a paper read there on class-day—last week—by F. W. Tolman:

Total number connected with the class, 24; number called away by death, 1; number who have left from insane motives, 2; number who have left from foolish motives, 18; number who graduate, 5; total length of the class, 28 ft. 9 in.; shortest man, 5 ft. 3 in.; longest man, 6 ft. 3 in.; average height, 5 ft. 9 in.; fighting weight of the class, 122 lbs.; lame men, 2; engaged to be married, 1; who would be, and could if they only dared to, 5; number who tried to milk Elder Small's cow, 1; reason why he failed—because she had been milked before; number who belong to the Temperance division, 4; number who did belong, 5; number who joined to please the ladies, 1; number who joined to promote the cause, 1; number who smoke villainous pipes, 1; number bound to smoke the pipe of peace, if the miserable thing will work, 5.

A Critic on Women.

Ruskin abates not a jot of his sharp, biting, sarcastic style in his new essays. This bit from one of them is exceedingly pungent:—"You women of England are now all shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfil a single downright precept of the book that you are so careful of its credit. The Bible tell you to dress plainly, and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor, and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice, and you do not know nor care to know so much as what the Bible-word justice means."

Treatment of Women at Vienna.—Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, thus describes a shocking incident:—Alongside of that prodigious new Opera House they are building in the Karnthnerstrasse, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately *I counted a hundred and fifty women at work there*—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge bucket boots, their features worn, furrowed, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror.

Aristocratic Culture.—Lord Royston, the new Comptroller of her Majesty's Household, in his address to the electors of Cambridgeshire, solicits "a continuation of their *confidence*, which they so generously *confided* to him a year ago." The address commences, "Gentlemen," and ends, "I have the honor to be, *sir*, your humble and obedient servant." Why does not some one compassionately open an adult evening school for those members of the English aristocracy whose education has been neglected?"

☞ A French gentleman asked a Hungarian friend in Paris whether the time had not come when Hungary could avenge herself on Austria. "Ah, *mon cher*," replied Mr. de S——, "we have had our revenge; we have given Austria Benedek!" The General is an Hungarian, and fought against his countrymen in 1848.

☞ A young mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

☞ Well Said.—"We hold these truths to be self-evident," that roads and school-houses are necessities that no well regulated community should be without. Show us a people who take little or no interest in these essentials, and we will show you a state of ignorance and backwardness in all the vocations of life but little better than semi-barbarism.

☞ Lace is the most costly of the dainty accessories of the toilet; and this is no wonder when we consider that all the finest and most delicate kinds can only be made in a damp den or cellar under ground. The least exposure to dry air would break the brittle threads, and ruin the cobweb fabric. The fabricants are, therefore, compelled to work "in some contracted, noisome subterranean hole, where only sufficient light can penetrate to enable them to see their slender bobbins."

☞ A French *savant* has discovered the means of rendering the hardest and toughest flesh soft, namely, by adding while boiling two teaspoonfuls of alcohol to each kilogramme and a-half of flesh.

☞ Miss Edgeworth.—We seldom meet a happier epigram than that by Horace Smith, one of the authors of Rejected Addresses, on Maria Edgeworth:

"We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine;
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their Edge, and the good own their Worth."

☞ Labor-saving inventions have done much to relieve washing day of drudgery which once fell upon Yankee women, but in Germany they employ Quillaya bark. A decoction is made and the clothes immersed in it a few hours, when they are ready for drying. It is sold there at the low price of $7 a hundred weight.

☞ Advice to speculators—"Bear" things patiently.

Remarkable History of a Rebel Torpedo-Boat.

The following eventful history of a torpedo-boat is taken from General Maury's report of the defence of Mobile. The vessel, which was built of boiler-iron, was about thirty-five feet long, and was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand. The ninth steered the boat, and regulated her movements below the surface of the water. She could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth, or could be propelled upon the surface. In smooth, still water, her movements were exactly controlled, and her speed was about four knots. It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, pass under her keel, and drag a floating torpedo, which would explode on striking the side or bottom of the ship attacked. She could remain submerged more than half an hour without inconvenience to her crew. Soon after her arrival in Charleston, Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate Navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition the swell of a passing steamer caused her to sink suddenly, and all hands, except Lieutenant Payne, who at that moment was standing in the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised, and again made ready for service. Lieutenant Payne again volunteered to command her. While lying near Fort Sumter she capsized, and again sunk in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two others. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Aunley, one of her constructors, made an experimental cruise with her on Cooper River. While submerged at great depth, from some unknown cause she became unmanageable, and remained for many days at the bottom of the river with her crew of nine dead men. A fourth time was the boat raised, and Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile, of the 21st Volunteers, with eight others, went out of Charleston Harbor in her, and attacked and sunk the Federal steamer Housatonic. Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared for ever with her crew. Nothing is known of their fate, but it is believed they went down with the enemy.

☞ It is said Western flour is adulterated with white corn meal.

☞ The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, sir."

☞ The latest novelty in the "feminine line" is patent eyelashes, now for sale in many city fancy stores. A horrid old bachelor says that the way things are going now, a man that needs a wife will only have to step into a milliner's shop, purchase a waterfall, "plumpers," false curls, false calves, etc., put them together, and have one without further trouble.

☞ A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bedfellow in the morning that he had slept like a top. "I know it," said the other; "like a humming top."

☞ "There is a Garden in her Face."—So wrote a poet. His lady's face was not a well-stocked garden; he can only find roses, lilies and cherries in it. We can do no more than that; we see *tulips*, an apple in each eye, carrots (of course her hair is the fashionable color), a little *mignon net;* as we looked her full in the face, we noticed a blush rose, then she looked bold; then she cast fuschia glances at us. As to her nose, 'tis a little *radish*, but it can't be *beet;* it is covered with blossoms, and her cheeks show a little modest *flour*.

☞ A Curious and Valuable Present.—Paul Hayne, a young southern poet, writes to the Round Table from Georgia, relative to the new volume by Leigh Hunt, which has just appeared in America. He says:—"Six years ago, I received from Leigh Hunt—in acknowledgment, I presume, of certain complimentary reviews and verses—a most curious and valuable present; some strands, namely, of the hair of Keats, Shelley, Byron, and his own likewise. These I had neatly framed, and, though the war has left me a beggar, I have religiously preserved relics so precious. Shelley's hair and John Keats's have a golden tinge which is exquisite. Byron's is coarse and dark, like some phases of his character. As for Hunt's, the locks are white as snow."

☞ A hotel for the accommodation of freedmen has been opened at Nashville.

☞ The fellows are rather importunate out West. Witness the following newspaper announcement: "Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."

☞ A butcher in the Centre Market espied an old female acquaintance in the market yesterday, who had gotten herself up in juvenile array, and he exclaimed to his neighbor in the next stall, "John, do look at Liz, now—mutton dressed lamb-fashion—dog goned if she ain't!"

☞ The Oldest Land in the World.—Professor Agassiz says the strip of "highlands which divides the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Atlantic," is the oldest land in the world. "It was once a lonely sea beach washed by universal ocean."

☞ Amelia, Brigham Young's last wife, is said to lord it over the great Brigham.

☞ Is it So?—An English judge (Mellor) stated lately, during the hearing of a cause, that it had always been his opinion that, calling many witnesses to prove one fact, was like adding a large quantity of water to a small quantity of brandy—it made it weak.

☞ In Mr. Bogart's book of "Who Goes There?" there is an anecdote in regard to Washington. It is of the only person who was not awed by the presence of the "Father of his Country." This man, a Mr. James Byrnes, occupied some land which Washington desired to have added in his plan of the Federal capital. Mr. Byrnes flatly refused. Unused to opposition, Washington turned upon him and said, as he only could say it: "Mr. James Byrnes! what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?" Byrnes was not crushed; but, undismayed, coolly turned to him and said: "George Washington, what would you have been worth if you had not married the widow Custis?"

☞ A Michigan lady lost her way and died in a huckleberry swamp last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 16@17½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—5,000 head were disposed of at from 6@8½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $15,00 @15,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

CHOLERA.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THIS DISEASE MAY BE FOUND IN THE USE OF

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER!

MANHATTAN, Kansas, April 17, 1866.

Gentlemen— * * I want to say a little more about the Pain Killer. I consider it a very valuable Medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I used it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than any other medicine. I also used it here for the cholera in 1855, with the same good results. Yours truly, A. BUNTING, M. D.

* * * "I regret to say that the Cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported. I should add that the Pain Killer sent recently from the Mission House has been used with considerable success during the epidemic. If taken in season, it is generally effectual in checking the disease.

"REV. CHARLES HARDING,
"Sholapore, India."

This certifies that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, with great success, in cases of cholera infantum, common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuably family medicine.

REV. JAMES C. BOOMER.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Dear Sirs—Having witnessed the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer in several cases of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus within a few months past, and deeming it an act of benevolence to the suffering, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to such as may be suffering from the aforementioned or similar diseases as a safe and effectual remedy.

REV. EDWARD K. FULLER.

☞ As an internal remedy Perry Davis' Pain Killer has no equal. In cases of colic, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dysentery, asthma, and rheumatism, it will cure in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. It is the best liniment in America. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to bad sores, burns, scalds and sprains. For the sick headache and toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer. sept-2t

Is Your Hair Falling or Becoming Gray?

If so, use

"London"	The most	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Reliable Hair	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"	Restorative.	"Hair Color Restorer"
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer"

For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. my26-eowtf

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

℞ TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use. aug25-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues firm. About 8000 bbls sold in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, including 3000 bbls north-west extra family, at $11@12,50; 300 bbls superfine at $7,50@8,50; 800 bbls old and fresh ground extra at $9@11; 1000 bbls old and fresh ground Pennsylvania and Ohio family at $11@15; and 400 bbls fancy brands at from $15@16,50 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 20,000 bus prime new Pennsylvania and Southern red sold at $2,85@2,90 ₩ bus; 3000 bus spring Wheat at $2,40@2,50, and 800 bus inferior new Wheat at $2,50@2,60 ₩ bus. Rye—3000 bus Western sold at $1,10, and 1000 bus Pennsylvania, in lots, at $1,15@1,16 ₩ bus. Corn—40,000 bus sold at 92@92½c for prime yellow, and 90@91c ₩ bus for Western mixed. Oats—About 30,000 bus new Delaware sold at 50@51c ₩ bus. 7000 bus Barley Malt sold at $1,45@1,50 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market remains inactive. Small sales are making at $34 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 22@23c ₩ lb for plain and fancy Bacon Hams; 20c for Pickled do; 16½c for Salt Shoulders; 21½@22c for prime Lard, in bbls and tes, and 23@23c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality. Eggs are selling at 22@23c per dozen.

COTTON—Market dull. About 1100 bales of middlings sold in lots at 34@35c for Uplands, and 35½@36c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—In Quercitron there has been more doing; 40 hhds of first No. 1 sold at $33 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow are making at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $5,75@6 for white ash, and $6@6,50 per ton for red ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of western at 60@65c ₩ lb for common and choice quality.

FRUIT—In Green Apples sales are making freely at $4,50@5 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Small sales of new Eastern and Western have been reported at 40@70c.

PLASTER—The last sale of soft was at $4,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed are reported at $7@7,50 ₩ 64 lbs, Timothy at $5@5,75, and Flaxseed at $3,60@3,65 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,50@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey; sales at $2,30@2,40 for prime Western bbls, $2,28 for refilled do, and $2,24 for refilled Penna.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12½@12½c for city rendered and 11@11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 200,000 lbs sold, in lots, at from 63@65c for extra, 60@63c for fine, 57@60c for medium, 54@55c for coarse, 54@63c for inferior to good tub washed, and 45@50c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Aug., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborrow, Mr. ROBERT MATTON to Miss SARAH A. COLE, both of this city.

On the 14th of Aug., by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, JOSEPH MACFARLAND to SUSAN E., daughter of Jacob Grim, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. GRIFFITH O. STORRIS, of this city, to Miss ISABELLA WALTON, formerly of Chester.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. JOHN M. DALLAS to Miss VIRGINIA BAKER, both of this city.

On the 16th of Aug., by the Rev. J. W. Charlton, Mr. WASHINGTON L. BRADDOCK to Miss EMMA V. NAGE, both of this city.

On the 5th of July, by the Rev. G. W. Briudle, Mr. JOHN H. EDWARDS to Miss MARY J. WATTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Scranton, Pa., Aug. 22, THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D., Pastor of old Pine St. Church, aged 62 years.

On the 20th of Aug., SIDNEA, wife of John Lloyd, aged 64 years.

On the 19th of Aug., JOSEPH DUNBAR, in his 32d year.

On the 18th of Aug., JOHN RUTHERFORD, aged 60 years.

On the 19th of Aug., GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Henry and Ann Glazier, in his 36th year.

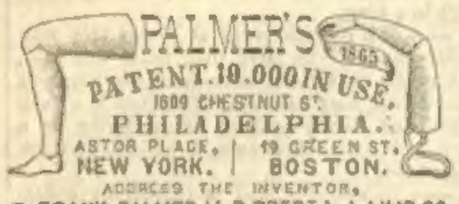
On the 15th of Aug., WILLIAM HALL, in his 40th year.

On the 18th of Aug., WILLIAM DUCKSTEIN, aged 60 years.

On the 18th of Aug., MARY ANN, wife of John Crawford, aged 28 years.

On the 17th of Aug., JACOB SHOEMAKER, in his 60th year.

On the 15th of Aug., Mrs. EMMA L. CROUTHERS, in her 39th year.



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

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THE ORGAN MANUAL;

Containing DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION RESPECTING THE PURCHASE OF AN ORGAN, and the Rectifying of Ciphering and other Simple Casualties without the assistance of a Builder; also, A Brief History of the Organ and an Account of its Construction. By Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. With an APPENDIX containing Remarks on the Use of the Reed Organ. Price 75 cts. Sent, post-paid.

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From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other resinous fluids.

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of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

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THE LOST CAUSE,

By E. A. POLLARD, the popular historian of the South, and Editor of the *Richmond Examiner* during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with 24 fine steel portraits, giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy—written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes—eager to "hear the other side," and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point. Agents and the public are *cautioned* against any other work purporting to be this one To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers, 654 Broadway, N. Y. aug25-2t

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The Seventeenth Annual Session will commence Oct. 15th, 1866. For further particulars, address the Secretary, Mrs. E. H. CLEAVELAND, M. D., at the College, North College Avenue, and 2nd St., Philadelphia.

ANN PRESTON, M. D.,
Jy21-3t-1w-aug-sep Dean of the Faculty.

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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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of Humbug. Imposters are in the field with deadly hair dyes, dangerous to health and utterly destructive to the hair. Do not submit to have your head

Baptised with Liquid Fire!

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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

will, in five minutes impart any desired shade from light brown to jet black without injuring the fibres, staining the skin, or poisoning the system through the pores. Beware of the deleterious dyes!

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The Great Strengthening Tonic

(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

* * * * * *

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
926 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 20 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says the Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.

These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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SEWING MACHINES,

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Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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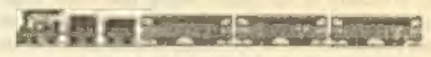

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FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL¶	" 9.00	"
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PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	" 12.40	A. M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P. M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.00	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

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Is located at No. 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED.

CAYUGA, Hinds County, Miss.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen: Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN I. WILLIAMS, P. M.

ASTHMA CURED.

Mr. Wm. May, of 945 Spring Street, New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1866: I have been afflicted with the asthma for upwards of ten years, receiving no benefit from medical men. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I said, I had tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists. sept-3teow

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, REEVES & CO., sept-3m No. 76 Nassau St., New York

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00 Address P. F. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE, and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar24-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Naming Children.

An English clergyman writes:—

This fondness for conferring Bible names upon their children without any reference to the principles or conduct of those who originally bore them, is very general among the agricultural poor. I had once to baptize a child by the name of Sadoc, which I confess staggered me not a little.

"Are you sure you don't mean Zadok?" inquired I.

"No, sir, Sadoc. It's a Bible name, ain't it, sir?"

"But why Sadoc?" asked I, not liking to commit myself by saying it was not to be found in Holy Writ, although I confess I could not call it to mind.

"Well, sir, it's not that I admire his character; but he was the father of Achim, you see; so I should like my child to be named Sadoc."

Which was accordingly done.

I have only heard one christening story to beat the above. The rector of a parish bordering upon my own was once requested to baptize a *male* infant by the name of Venus.

"Venus!" cried he to the godfather very sharply, for he is of a choleric temperament, although as kind a soul as breathes—"stuff and nonsense: In the first place, Venus is not a man's name at all, but a woman's; and, secondly, it was the name of an infamously bad woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to wish that any Christian child should be so named."

"Grandfyther was christened Venus," returned the sponsor, doggedly.

"Your grandfather was christened Venus, sir! Impossible! Is he alive? Where is he?"

At these words, an exceedingly ancient person, looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined, tottered slowly forth from the congregation, for the christening was taking place during the afternoon service.

"Is your name Venus?" inquired the clergyman.

"Well, yes, sir; they always calls me Vanus."

"And do you mean to say that you were christened by that name?"

"Yes, sir; at least I believe they write it out *Sil*-vanus, but they always *called* me Vanus."

It is very troublesome to a young curate, particularly if unaccustomed to the particular dialect of his parish, to catch the exact name which the sponsor wishes to be conferred; and this difficulty is increased when the word happens to begin with a vowel. A young girl once came to my house to have her name entered in the list of the students for confirmation.

"Very well, my good girl; what is your Christian name?" and I waited, pen in hand, to set it down.

"Anner, sir."

"Is it Anna or Hannah?" said I.

"Anner, sir."

"Please to spell it. I want to know whether there is an H in it."

"Yes, sir: H, HA, HEN, HEN, HA, H."

There were six.

Brother Beecher's Organ.

Corry O'Lanus writes as follows in the Brooklyn Eagle:—

I went to see brother Beecher's organ the other day.

It is a gorgeous instrument.

Brother Beecher has cause to be proud of it.

He thinks of having all his sermons set to music so that he can deliver them with an organ accompaniment.

It is quite a melodious idea.

The congregation are so taken up with the organ that they don't care about preaching, and brother Beecher is going to lay off on his farm for a few weeks, and the organist is going to run the business.

I took a tour with brother Beecher through the organ. We walked several miles through the principal pipes, the largest of which would answer for a tunnel for the underground railroad.

The stops would do for the stopping places.

The organist requires fifteen assistants to go over the entire scale. He communicates with them by telegraph.

It requires a great amount of wind to start the music, nothing short of a small hurricane will answer.

But Plymouth Church can always raise the wind.

The wind is to be raised by water power. It is proposed to dam the East river at the Buttermilk Channel and run the current through the basement of the church—where two engines of five hundred horse power have been constructed, which keep sixteen pairs of bellows in motion, besides a fan to cool the organist.

It operates beautifully. The organist tried it for us, and played "Old Hundred," "Sally Come Up," and several other melodies in the Plymouth collection.

I listened to it on the arch over Montague street, which is about as near as you can venture when the organ is in full blast.

It sounds best from Fort Greene, but can be heard pleasantly at East New York.

The inhabitants of Hoboken thought it was an earthquake on Long Island.

It was merely a new Long Island sound.

Yours melodiously,

CORRY O'LANUS.

JUDGING CHARACTER BY THE COLOR OF A PETTICOAT.—The following is from the pen of a man who "loved not wisely, but too well," and got married:

The way to judge of a woman's character at first sight, is to ascertain the color of her petticoat. A black petticoat indicates low spirits, a hatred of washtubs, and activity, and a taste for dyspeptic literature and quietude. A lady who wears a black petticoat, could no more read and understand this paragraph, than she could suck up the Atlantic with a three-cent syringe.

A white petticoat shows a character just the opposite—an unsullied mind and a taste for romance. A woman who takes naturally to white petticoats, and never wears any other, is an institution to which young gentlemen of connubial proclivities should lose no time in paying due attention.

The red petticoat, however, is something of which mankind should beware; it is the insignia of Xantippes—a style of females who cut their too-nails with their husbands' razors.

☞ An exchange paper says: "Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been heading him twenty-five cents a week ever since."

BELINDA, about to arrange her bonnet at what she supposes to be the new looking-glass ("and a very graceful and considerate idea, too, on the part of the railway!"), speedily discovers her mistake, as she is confronted by the face of an impertinent young man in the gentleman's apartment.

Practical Jokes.

Two years ago the writer of this article attended a picnic where the children were ranged around tables and waited upon by kind ladies, who furnished them with an abundance of good things. All seemed happy and contented except one little boy, who, sad and silent, stood apart from the rest. He had been forgotten, I thought, and drew the attention of the lady nearest me to the child.

"There is a little boy who looks wistfully at the cakes and pies, but he seems to be eating nothing."

"Why, do you not know that he cannot eat?" the lady asked, in evident surprise; and then told me his sad story. Here it is:—

Two boys were playing together in the back yard of the dwelling where one of them lived. They had everything to make their lives pleasant—friends, fortunes and health, and no future was brighter than theirs. As they ran through the yard, one of them stopped a moment before a vat of dark, clear liquid, and asked his playmate what it was.

"I know; taste it," was the reply.

"Is it good?"

"Yes, real good; taste it."

The little fellow put his mouth down and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong lye, and shrank the membranes of his throat and destroyed his palate, and from that day to this he has never eaten solid food. Bread, broth or sugar and water is all the nourishment his feeble life receives.

The story is true. It was a cruel joke, and the boy who perpetrated it will bitterly repent it, for it will yet probably cost a human life.

Some boys were playing on a frozen pond, which had several spots of weak ice. One of the boys tied his skates together and whirled them to the centre of the pond, and there left them lying.

"Just wait," he said to a boy near, "till Joe Burke comes down, and we'll have some fun."

Joe was a small, poorly dressed boy, who suffered much at the hands of his elder and more knowing companions. When he came to the pond the boy to whom the skates belonged was sitting on the ice, and looking quite forlorn.

"If I only had my skates I'd go home," he was saying. "May be you will just run and get them, Joe, like a good fellow. There they are," pointing to the spot.

Joe, who was possessed of an accommodating spirit, ran briskly to get them, and, as the other boy had planned and foreseen, broke through the ice, which was only sufficiently strong to bear the skates, and got a thorough wetting.

There was great laughter at his rueful face as he scrambled out; but he was poor. He had no clothes to exchange for his wet ones, and consequently the cold and damp struck into his feeble frame, and he died in less than a month, of typhus fever, the physician said; but the drenching "for fun" sowed the seeds.

I have related two practical jokes, with the results. They were not very funny, after all. Even if they had not ended so fatally, you have only to imagine what your feelings would be in such positions, and avoid an amusement that has for its foundation even the temporary unhappiness of a fellow being. There are a thousand sports that invoke no peril or suffering. Embrace them all to the entire exclusion of such objectionable pleasures as practical jokes.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CLEARING OUT.

Hay and grain all harvested, corn laid by, wheat fields pretty generally prepared for next month's seeding, and between this time and the week that corn calls for gathering, and the next, when late potatoes cry, come, dig us out, there will be a great many farmers all over the country who may find a few days that they can turn to the best possible account by a general clearing out all around the domain.

A capital good place to make a beginning is the corn crib. We have looked into not many less than eighty corn cribs within the past three weeks—none of them cleared out—several having a considerable stock of last year's corn. That had better been sold when corn was worth $1 60. There would have been several bushels saved from rats and mice, and several dollars gained in the price of corn. However, that cannot be remedied now. Look out sharper next time.

One crib has perhaps fifty bushels of last year's corn still remaining in it—sound, but scarcely marketable, and nothing like eatable, because it smells so of *rat*. Then there is six inches depth of *debris* all along the length of the crib, corn cut to pieces and the chits so eaten out by rats and mice that the remains are worth nothing but for pig feed, and precious little for that purpose. But they had better be cleared out of there, even if consigned to the compost heap. And the corn on the ear too should come out, and then give the crib a thorough clearing out and smoking out, and fence the rats and mice out. It can be done in all properly constructed cribs, and a day's time will do it, and now is a capital time to do it, so as to have the crib all clean and clear, and rat and mouse proof before the new corn is ready to come in. Better attend to it now, than have to charge fifteen or twenty bushels of good merchantable corn to rats and mice. They are customers that never have a *Cr.* page on your books, and the sooner you cut loose from all dealings with the rodent raiders the better.

By-the-by, a most effectual protection of corn cribs from the depredations of vermin is frequent fumigation. It is simply and very cheaply arranged, and now, when the cribs are empty or nearly so, is the proper time to make the arrangement.

If the crib is, say twenty feet long, put two pipes up through the floor, anything that is a pipe will do, a piece of old cast away tin gutter pipe is as good as anything. Let the pipe project a few inches inwards and protect it from being smashed down by the weight of corn. Underneath, let it run down to within eight or ten inches of the ground, and have the lower extremity widened out into a funnel, say ten inches in diameter. That is all for the present. Fill the crib, and by-and-by if you believe it possible that a rat or mouse can have bored in there, or if you don't believe it, go on and fumigate all the same. It is as good for the grain as it is bad for the rodents.

Go out prepared with a couple of old shillets or pans half filled with charcoal, lighted. Get under the crib, sift on to the burning charcoal in each vessel two ounces of flour of sulphur, and half an ounce of *asafœtida*—set the vessels close up to the mouths of the funnels, and let them fume away till exhausted. If four, fourscore or but one rodent raider are in that crib, he or they will get out in the quickest possible time, and the corn crib is safe from depredations for a month or six weeks at least.

There are several other things and places that about this time it will be good economy to clear out. Unsightly, obnoxious weeds, briars and brambles in fence, and divers other corners. Slash them all out of that. Lay on and spare not. A good many of the weed and bramble pests are killed very dead by a single cutting at this season, while all will be so staggered by a vigorous August and September war that they will be little trouble ever afterwards. Besides, the very look of a neatly cleared up place is value received threefold, to say nothing of the advantages gained. Clearing out about this time is a pretty profitable investment of time.

TRAPPING.

We have seen the advertisements of divers parties who offer for one dollar to forward directions for the sure trapping of all sorts of wild animals. Then this current season we have known in all, as near as we can guess now, one and a-half dozen instances where farmers and others have had the greater part, and in a few instances all of their stock of valuable chickens and ducks cleaned out by the minks. Some years the black rangers are ten times more destructive than others, and this seems to be an unusual killing year with them. In three instances that we know of the entire stock of ducks and chickens have been destroyed, and at neither place was there a brook, swale, or anything like a mink harbor within three-quarters of a mile of the premises.

Now we don't pretend to be a professional trapper or to know how to catch *all* sorts of wild animals. So we shall not venture to ask the dollar; but we *do* know just how to trap a mink, as well as any other man in this world, and we are going to give the information gratuitously to as many as we can, only stipulating that if they fail by not following strictly to the letter our plain directions—do not catch the mink, and mink continues to kill poultry, they are not to charge us with malinformation, for we have caught minks that way these twenty years—and only three nights since we cut short the career of a veteran chicken thief whom it was positively asserted could not be killed or caught.

Make two wooden cages, no matter how rough and clumsy, only have the slats so close together that a mink cannot poke his nose between them. One of the cages to be two feet square, the other just large enough to hold a half-grown *live* chicken. Place the smaller within the larger cage, fasten it in the centre, put into it and fasten there a small live chicken, set an ordinary musk-rat trap, without bait, inside of the larger cage, chain it fast, place the machine on the ground near the chicken house, leave an opening large enough in the outside cage for Mr. Mink to enter, and the trap is set.

The mink smells his game, enters the outer cage, finds the flavor of fowl close to his nose, becomes excited, reckless, ravenous, and round he goes, wild with the thirst for fowl blood, tramping carelessly, and by the time he has twice circumnavigated the boxed up biddy he "puts his foot in it." *Clip* go the steel jaws, and Capt. Mink's chicken campaigns are closed forever.

That plan will catch minks, fellow poultry men and women; and now if some enterprising gentleman wants to sell you a dollar's worth of trapping education, please remember you are already POSTED.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Every community in our country in all the rural regions ought to have a regularly organized, well conducted, wide awake *Farmer's Club*, where all can discuss agriculture honestly and earnestly. That's the way to bring out truth, gentlemen farmers. Talk it out. *Tongue's* the thing for turnips. Potatoes pay farmers better than politics.

—— Some one told somebody else lately, how to prevent a cow from kicking. *Tie up her fore foot.* Not always, sir. We tried that on a beautiful kicking Ayrshire last week. Here is our experience,—Clover kicked milk pail into the shape of a fire-horn after a free fight, kicked three boards off the side of the stable—Cosmo out through the hole—nose all askew—barked both shins, kicked herself out doors, and scud down the road like a deer, with right fore foot in a sling.

—— The curculio went at plums this way nearly three weeks later than usual this year. As nearly as we can learn from the Saracens themselves, they have spent that time in a York state and Jersey crusade before giving us a turn. But they have done us at last, and the plums too.

—— Unless the land is thoroughly underdrained, trenching for celery is not the best practice. Better plant on the surface, wider apart and earth up.

—— All late potato vines ought to be burned, and the millions of very minute eggs they contain this year, destroyed. They may turn out something bad next year.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PEPPER SAUCE.—One bowl of tomatoes, one bowl of cucumbers, one bowl of peppers, removing part of the seeds. Chop the above into small pieces, but not too small. Mix them together in a jar, putting them in layers, with salt between. Leave them so for 24 hours; drain them off through a cullender; then pour boiling hot vinegar upon them, and boil with spice for half an hour. Use cloves, mace, allspice, (whole,) horseradish, onions, (sliced.) A. F. T.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A LEG OF MUTTON.—Cut it in half. Roast one end; after dining, carefully save the remainder. Next day, boil the other part, carefully saving the water in which it was boiled. On the third day, put this water on the fire an hour before dinner, and *add*, by degrees, the usual ingredients for a soup, viz.: three or four okras, &c. Meantime, have the fragments of the *roast* brought. Take off every scrap of meat, and chop it very fine. Then measure it to a bowl, and take the same quantity of bread crumbs, and one tablespoonful of flour, a little allspice, salt, and half an onion, chopped very fine indeed. Mix the bread crumbs, flour and spice together first, then mix the meat well with it, then sprinkle the onion over and stir all well together. Then stir in two tablespoonsful of melted butter, or a little fat ham, minced very fine. Now add a little milk—just enough to make it all adhere. Then roll a small portion in flour, and *shape* them in a wine glass. Have some hot drippings ready in a saucepan, and drop them in, a few at a time. When brown, take them up on an egg—slice and dry on a paper wad before the fire.—*Mrs. Warren.*

POTATOES A LA PARISIENNE.—When you prepare the potatoes, scrape them, drop them in cold water, to keep them white. Cut in thin slices. (When cut into fillets or thin slips like a pencil, it makes potatoes Francaise.)

Cook the potatoes in hot fat, and take them off when three quarters done. After a few minutes put them again in the same fat, and in a short time take them off with a skimmer, and pepper, and serve warm.

The object in taking the potatoes out of the fat when they were three-quarters done, was to allow them to swell, and render them better eating. Potatoes swell considerably.

POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.—Steam the potatoes with the skin on. Peel. (Boil them, if you can do so better.)

With eight potatoes, put one, two, or three large onions. Fry the onions sliced, with butter, in a pan. When browned, put in the potatoes in slices.

BATTER FOR FRYING VEGETABLES OR FRITTERS.—Moisten a little flour with water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of olive oil, and a spoonful and a half of French brandy. Beat up the mixture thoroughly, and when you are ready to use it, beat into it the white of an egg, previously beaten to a strong froth. This batter may be used for frying sweet *entremets*, in which case sugar must be put instead of salt.

GINGER CAKES.—Mix 1 lb. of flour and ½ lb. of loaf sugar. Rub into it ½ lb. of butter, two eggs, well beaten, and 1 oz. of ginger, ground fine. Beat all well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick, cut out the cakes, and bake them.

☞ A NEW GYMNAST.—A novelty in gymnastics has found its way to the hippodrome in Paris, entitled "the Man with the Golden Jawbone." He is an athlete, who with his teeth lifts up another acrobat, the man thus held throwing himself about in the air and going through wonderful evolutions.

☞ A gentleman having occasion to call upon an author, found him in his study writing. He remarked the great heat of the apartment and said: "It is as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the author, "for it's here I make my bread."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 2, 1, 19, 3, 8, was the fabled daughter of Sol and Perseis, who possessed great knowledge in magic.

My 2, 10, 27, is a poem celebrating the exploits of Rodrigo Diaz, a Spanish hero of the middle age.

My 4, 3, 17, 2, 17, 17, 20, was the priest of Neptune, during the Trojan war.

My 5, 3, 16, 19, 23, 9, is the tree dedicated to Apollo, used in making wreaths for warriors and poets.

My 6, 16, 19, 29, 3, 13, is a head-dress worn by the Orientals.

My 9, 26, 18, 41, 16, is an emblem of royalty worn by the Inca of Peru.

My 12, 11, 26, 20, 22, 17, 8, is one of Walter Scott's heroes.

My 16, 3, 14, 12, are a sect of philosophers in Persia.

My 17, 11, 38, 24, was a Latin poet.

My 17, 16, 29, 35, 30, is a game of cards, originating with the Spaniards.

My 17, 30, 10, 14, 23, 20, was one of the earliest and most learned of the Greek fathers in Alexandria. He published a Hexapla in the third century.

My 24, 19, 18, 38, 24, was a priest or minister of religion among the ancient Celtic nations in Gaul, Britain, etc.

My 24, 10, 24, 17, founded Carthage.

My 31, 39, 43, 37, was an Iceland warrior and poet of the tenth century.

My 33, 17, 30, 3, 44, is the Mahommedan book of faith.

My 35, 36, 29, 30, 32, 38, 2, designates the Hebrew language.

My 40, 36, 2, 41, 17, 19, was a brave Trojan warrior.

My 46, 32, 30, 21, 31, 30, is a badge of knighthood, instituted by Edward Third.

My whole is the translation of the Latin inscription on the great bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. EMILY.

Franklin, Ill.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to the face.
My second is a division of time.
My third is used in the garden.
My whole is a territory.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A conserve.
To join.
A fruit.
A man's name.
A Latin pronoun.
An eastern prince.
A precious stone.

The initials and finals form the names of two planets.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the last two square numbers, such that if unity be added to 97 times the first number it will equal the second number.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An engineer wishing to know the distance from a given point to a tree on the opposite side of a river, measured a base line of 100 feet, and found that the distance from either extremity of this base line to the line running from the opposite extremity of the base line to the tree, at a point 100 feet distant from the base line, was 155,115 feet. Required the distance from either extremity of the base line to the tree.

F. HOLDEN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How far does a man walk while planting a field of corn 285 feet square, the rows being 3 feet apart and 3 feet from the fences?

W. H. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a happy husband like the Atlantic Cable? Ans.—Because he is spliced to his *Heart's Content.*

☞ What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement, and a leopard's tail? Ans.—The one is rooted to the spot, the other is spotted to the root.

☞ How does the hair-dresser end his days? Ans.—He *curls up* and *dyes.*

☞ Why is a philanthropist like an old horse? Ans.—Because he stops at the sound of *woe* (woe.)

☞ Why are your nose and chin at variance? Ans.—Because words are always passing between them.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—William Cullen Bryant. ENIGMA—The success of the Atlantic Cable. DOUBLE REBUS—Vashti and Esther. (Venice—Adonis—Sabot—Hannah—Terpsichore—Inuiguer.) RIDDLE—Romeo and Juliet.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, June 16th: $\frac{25}{16}$, $\frac{841}{840}$, $\frac{707281}{705600}$ are the sides of the square.—M Stevens and J. M. Greenwood.

FIRST ADVICE TO A MARRIED COUPLE.—First, there must be no anxiety about a livelihood. Whatever the income on which you can rely, resolutely live within it, resolutely keep a surplus ahead, resolutely keep out of debt. This is the first condition. There is no enjoyment at home, or of the thousand beautiful things in this world, with the anxiety of poverty. Live poor, work hard, forego all luxuries, and all attempt at elegance or ambitious display, until you have achieved the practical independence of an honest and assured subsistence.